ACORN

ΠΕΘΑ

DEC. 1911

THE ACORN

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

ALAMEDA CALIFORNIA.

c. 1

SEMI-ANNUAL

GEO. C. THOMPSON

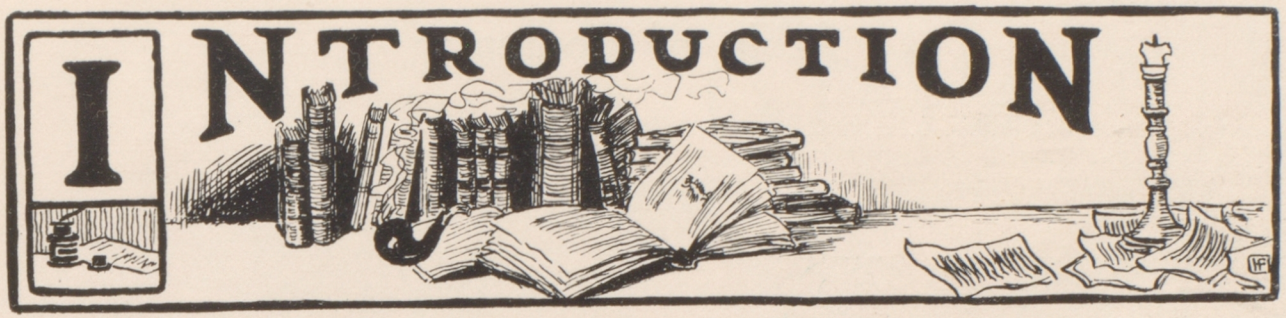
TO

DR. GEORGE C. THOMPSON

THIS EDITION OF THE

ACORN

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



Before passing judgment on this book, the editors request that you consider each point which will lead you to form your opinion. A high school semi-annual is a valuable thing in many respects, not for the class of work contained in its make-up, but for what it represents, namely, the friends made in younger days; the teachers who will be respected more and more as we mature, and last but not least, the good times which form a part of our prep school life.

In publishing the Acorn we have, to the best of our ability, emphasized the pleasant events of the last few months, and we hope that this book will call to mind the things you will want recalled.

Each year the editors try rather to improve on the preceding Acorns than to make them radically different. This term we have tried to keep up the standard of former years and yet make the edition up-to-date and original as possible. We have done our best to justify the trust which the executive body has placed in us. We hope, that in presenting this book to you, that it will meet with your approval, as it represents a great deal of labor on the part of the entire staff.

The Editors.

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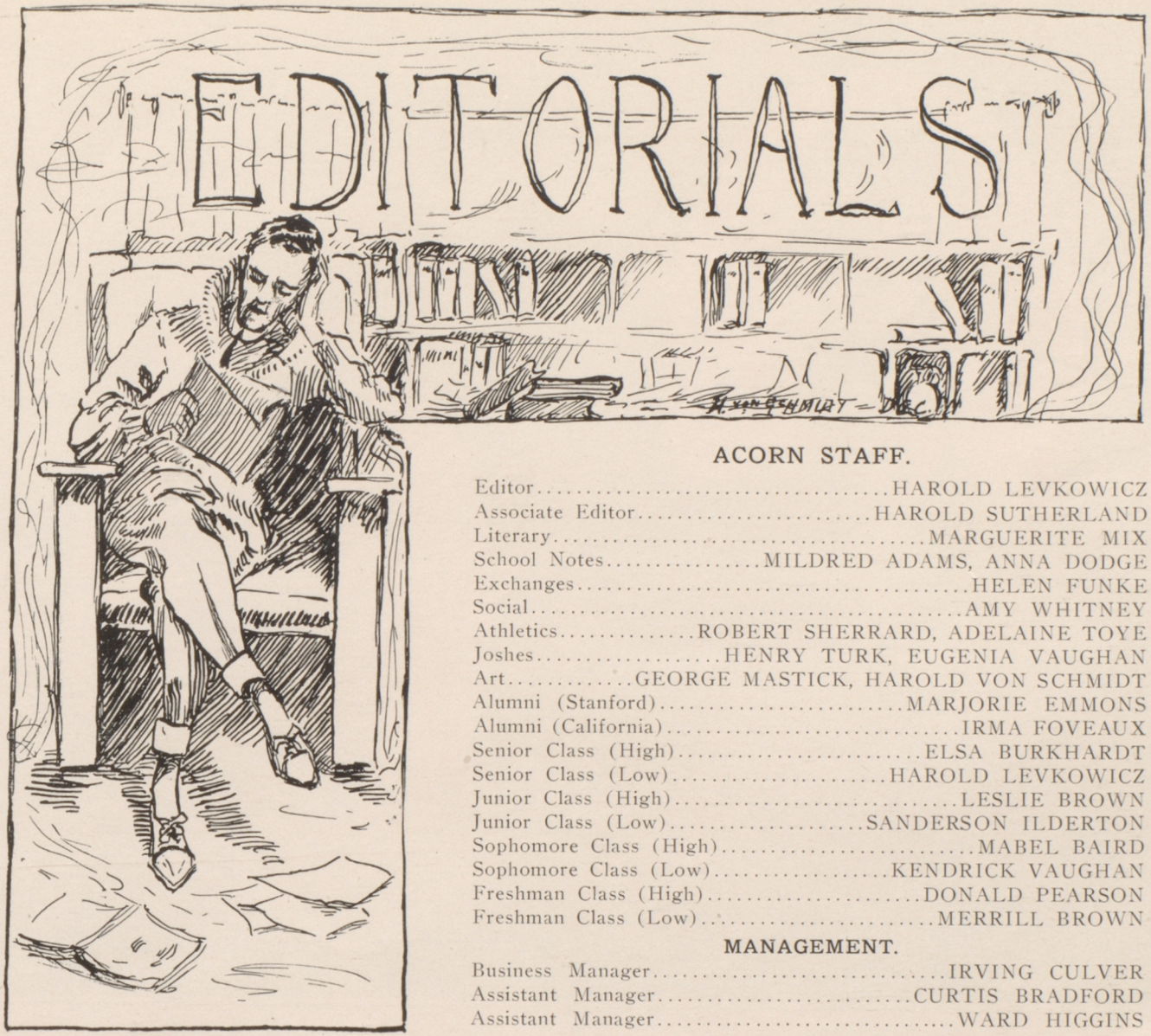

ACORN STAFF.

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Junior Class (High).....LESLIE BROWN
Junior Class (Low).....SANDERSON ILDERTON
Sophomore Class (High).....MABEL BAIRD
Sophomore Class (Low).....KENDRICK VAUGHAN
Freshman Class (High).....DONALD PEARSON
Freshman Class (Low).....MERRILL BROWN

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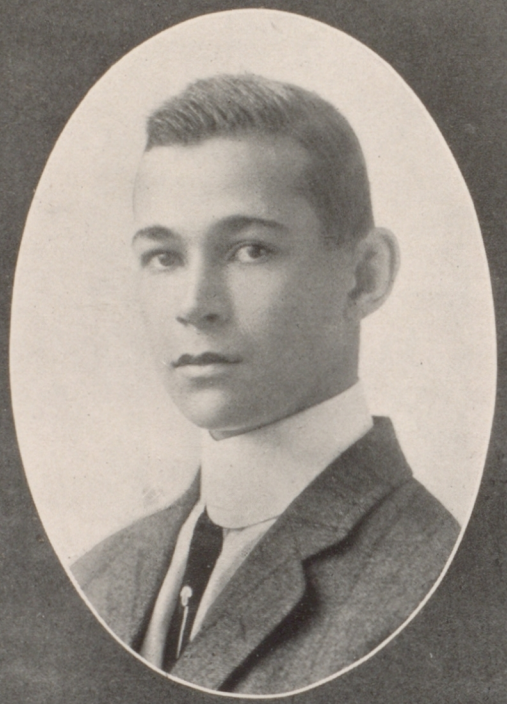
Assistant Manager.....CURTIS BRADFORD
Assistant Manager.....WARD HIGGINS

IRVING CULVER
Manager



HAROLD LEVKOWICZ
Editor

Editorials

This is the second edition of the ACORN, published as a semi-annual. The preceding issue proved such a success that it was again decided to print a single edition of school events. We have chosen this style for the sake of uniformity, and we hope that from now on, future ACORN editors will observe the form. It will make it possible to keep the volumes and possibly to bind them, surely they would be a valuable asset to any graduate, even if for no more than remembrance sake.

The staff desires to thank the students and teachers of the Alameda High School who have helped to make this edition of the ACORN attractive and we hope that future ACORNS will be all that could be expected as a representative volume of Alameda High, for we have tried our best to keep the standard where it has always been—at the top.

Again let us call to mind the need, not only for a technical department for our High School, but also for an increase in the size of the school building. We find it very inadequate to meet the many needs and activities of a growing school and have many occasions to wish for more room. The institution of a technical department would not only increase the attendance, but would give many young folks a better chance to gain a business education.

At Christmas time, the Board of Education will introduce a course in manual training at the High School. Last year, all graduates of the elementary schools were asked whether they would like to continue the manual training in the higher schools. The plan met with such favor, that the introduction will undoubtedly fill a long-felt want and the course will surely be popular.

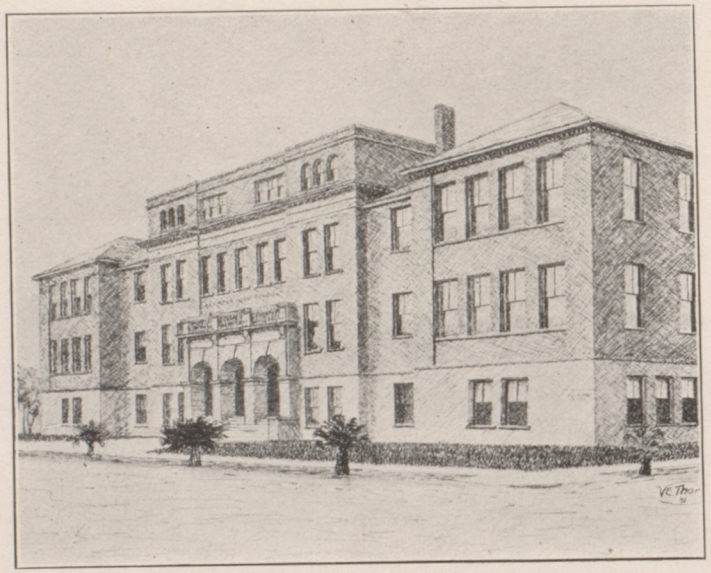
The two buildings which have been erected in the rear of the High School are hardly what one would call artistic, but we judge they were not built for looks—they couldn't have been. However, the High School welcomes the new laboratory and manual training rooms and hopes that the next addition will not be in the form of out-buildings, but a fine new school building, adequate in all departments.

We understand that the reason more interest is not shown by the girls in athletics is that they must play in an open court. Passers-by stop and are naturally interested in the game. Now neither the girls, nor the passers-by, can be blamed, but still we hope for a gymnasium and that much talked of physical training course.

The question of knee trousers is coming to be one of vast importance. Statistics do not show any decrease in the general size of man, but they must have left out Alameda, when they went over the list. Quite a while ago, big boys used to come up to school and a fellow was considered short at five feet four. Now he is tall at four feet five. What are we coming to? Not long ago, the executive committee decided to pass a law prohibiting gentlemen in short trousers, from voting. The law was never passed, but if something is not done, the President of the Associated Students, in 1917 will wear long dresses.

It seems that young men of High School age could find something better to do than to deface public property. It was a child's trick, and our minds are confirmed as to the sort of boys who attend that venerable institution, the California School of Mechanical Arts. The idea which prompted them to paint the sidewalks surrounding Alameda High was neither artistic nor clever, and we suggest that the next time those fellows want something to do, they had better learn how to play football.

At the close of last term two questions were put before the students for popular vote; they were: Shall Alameda play Rugby and shall there be self-government? The latter question was voted down. The students decided that they wanted American football again, but for California schools, "the old game" is past, and it was necessary for the executive committee to vote Rugby.



Alameda High School Faculty

DR. GEORGE C. THOMPSON.....Principal
(A. M. Wake Forest College, 1888. Ph. D., Yale, 1896. Law, University of Va.)

MR. WILLIS MINIUM.....
.....Vice Principal, Head of Science Dept., Chemistry-Physics
(B. S., Northwestern. M. S., California.)

MISS E. M. GARRETSON.....Head of Modern Language Dept.
(Leipsic-Paris, 1895-1897. B. S., Columbia, 1906. M. L., California, 1908. Paris, 1908.)

MISS M. V. HAWORTH.....
.....Head of Mathematics Dept., Geometry, Trigonometry
(Ph. B., California, 1899.)

MR. ARTHUR AGARD.....Head of English Dept., English
(Ph. B., California, 1896.)

MR. T. M. MARSHALL.....
....Head of History Dept., History, Economics-Com. Geography
(B. L., Michigan, 1900. California graduate work, 1908-9.)

DR. M. VICTOR STALEY.....Head of Latin Dept., Latin
(B. A., Wisconsin, 1893. M. A., Wisconsin, 1894. Ph. D., Yale, 1895. Fellow in Sanskrit, Johns Hopkins, 1895-6. LL. B., Oregon, 1906.)

MISS LUCILE HEWETT.....Algebra, Geography
(B. S., California, 1900. Utah.)

MISS BERTHA VOLLMAR.....Latin, German
(California, 1899-1900.)

MISS ALICE COHEN.....English

MISS SUSIE S. DYER.....Botany, Zoology
(A. B., Stanford, 1899. A. M. Stanford, 1901.)

MISS BLANCHE DU BOIS.....Algebra, Latin
(B. L., California, 1903.)

MISS GERTRUDE T. BERG.....English
(A. B., California, 1899.)

MISS PAULINE BALDWIN.....Spanish, French
(B. L., California, 1909.)

MR. W. E. M'LAUGHLIN.....Head of Commercial Dept.
(Ayer's Business College, 1899. Isaac Pitman College, 1900. (M. of Acc., Mt. Angel College, 1900.)

MISS ELEANOR KEMPSTON.....Commercial
(San Francisco State Normal, 1897. San Francisco Business College, 1898.)

MISS EDNA POTWIN.....English, Algebra
(B. L., California, 1903.)

MR. WILLIAM S. RICE.....Freehand and Mechanical Drawing
(Graduate of Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art, 1896. Student at Drexel Institute. Philadelphia Times, 1887-1901.)

In Memoriam

Clark Goddard Van Orden

Son of Dr. and Mrs. Leander Van Orden. A fellow student who had gained the love and respect of all his many associates, and whose untimely death came as a result of injuries sustained by a fall last Summer.

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

Marguerite Dennison
Irving Culver

Eugenia Vaughan
Vice President
Harold Sutherland

Harold Von Schmidt
President

Frank Pollard
Secretary
Constance Van Brunt

Adeline Toye
Robert Sherard

The Associated Student Body

"In Union there is Strength," is the motto on which this Associated Student Body was founded. To make of the Student Body a unit; to permit it to carry on School activities; to enable us to hold our place in the High School world, are the bases of its foundation.

If these activities are to be a success, we must have funds, and our only means of raising them is through the Student Body. Become a member, and by do doing help the school maintain the high standards it has set.

Stop and think! What High School holds such a place in State Athletics as ours? You can do your share towards holding this place by joining the Student Body and supporting the teams financially. Without your co-operation there would be no teams. During the season, you expect the teams to fight to their utmost for the Alameda High School, but how many of you turn out to help them? All glory in their victories, but how many help to make them possible? You find it hard to spare a few hours of your time to attend the games, considering you have done all that is required of you by paying your dues. If you are ready to let it go at that, think of the twenty or the thirty fellows who, throughout the entire season, tax all their abilities that the Alameda High School may stand where she does; and then compare that spirit with yours.

This term we have instituted the new game, Rugby, and if the team is given full support, judging by this year's showing, next year ought to see us ranked with the best schools of the State.

Our meetings are still open to improvement, the former trouble of not enough students addressing the body is still present. With respect to entertainment at the meetings—all those that can, ought to be willing to do so, as it makes the meetings more enjoyable and gives some variation to the monotony of listening to the same speakers meeting after meeting. Any student has the privilege of addressing the Body; so if you have anything worth while to say, don't be afraid to get up and say it.

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT.

OFFICERS.

President.....Harold Von Schmidt
Vice-President.....Eugenia Vaughan
Secretary.....Frank Pollard

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Robert Sherrard
Irving Culver
Harold Sutherland
Constance Van Brunt
Marguerite Dennison
Adelaine Toye

The Minutes for the Associated Students for the Term of Dec. '11

August 11, 1911.

First meeting of the fall term.

The meeting was called by President Harold Von Schmidt. There was a vocal solo rendered by Miss Florence Miller. Domingo Bruzzone spoke on the new game. Capt. Howe also spoke on the game. Manager Murphy told of the games that were in sight. Harold Jacobs spoke about a swimming team to be organized. There was a piano solo by Miss Cummings. Miss Van Brunt spoke in regard to a meeting for the Freshmen girls. A few words in regard to the Acorn and students' dues ended the meeting.

August 24th.

The meeting was called by President Harold Von Schmidt. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. There was a piano solo by Miss Helen Neal which was enjoyed very much. Domingo Bruzzone spoke in regard to football. Manager Culver and Editor Levkowicz spoke in regard to the coming "Acorn." Miss Ruth Young rendered a vocal solo. Frank Pollard spoke in regard to the school dance to be held in the near future.

September 8th.

Meeting was called by President Harold Von Schmidt. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Von Schmidt and Pollard spoke in regard to the dance. Man. Murphy spoke on football.

September 20th.

The meeting was called to order by President Harold Von Schmidt. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Culver, Levkowicz, and Sutherland spoke in regard to the "Acorn." Murphy, Howe, and Coach Fletcher spoke in regard to football; their general plea was for more men to turn out to make the team. The meeting was ended by a few remarks by the president.

October 10, 1911.

The meeting was called to order by President Harold Von Schmidt. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The business of this meeting was to arouse interest for the Berkeley game. Walker Paul and Chas. Murphy spoke on the game. Miss Hewitt asked for support from the girls, and urged them to turn out to the game. A few words by Yell Leader Adams ended the meeting.

October 31, 1911.

The meeting was called to order by President Harold Von Schmidt. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The business of this meeting was to arouse interest for the Reno celebration. Ed. Seagrave and Chas. Murphy asked support from the entire student body to make the affair a grand success. Secretary Pollard asked also for support in the way of student dues. With a talk on organizing an orchestra by Mr. Edson from the Y. M. C. A. the meeting ended.

November 2, 1911.

The meeting was called to order by Vice-Pres. Miss Vaughan. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The business of the meeting was the Alameda-Reno football game. Words of welcome were extended by Dr. Thompson, Rev. Mr. Mears, and the president of the Alameda Chamber of Commerce. Capt. Howe spoke on the game. A piano solo was rendered by Miss Vaughan. Miss Neal also played a solo. Miss Gertrude Johnson rendered a vocal solo. A recitation was given by Miss Ruth Huff. The meeting was ended with a cello solo rendered by Meril Brown.

November 9, 1911.

The meeting was called to order by President Harold Von Schmidt. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The business of this meeting was the Belmont game. Ed. Seagrave spoke on the affair. The meeting was ended with some encouraging remarks by Miss Hewitt.

November 16, 1911.

The meeting was called to order by President Harold Von Schmitt. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The business of this meeting was the Senior Show. Alfred Powell spoke in regard to the show. Helen Funke told of the wonderful show it will be. Dr. Thompson spoke on the organization of a few great days where and when everybody should turn out. Miss Vaughan and Clem Smith spoke in regard to the show, both urging a large attendance. Miss Haworth also spoke on the play. The plot of the play was given by Mr. Carlyle.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

December 5, 1911.

The meeting was called to order by President Von Schmitt. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The business of this meeting was the nomination of officers for the ensuing term. The nominations were as follows:

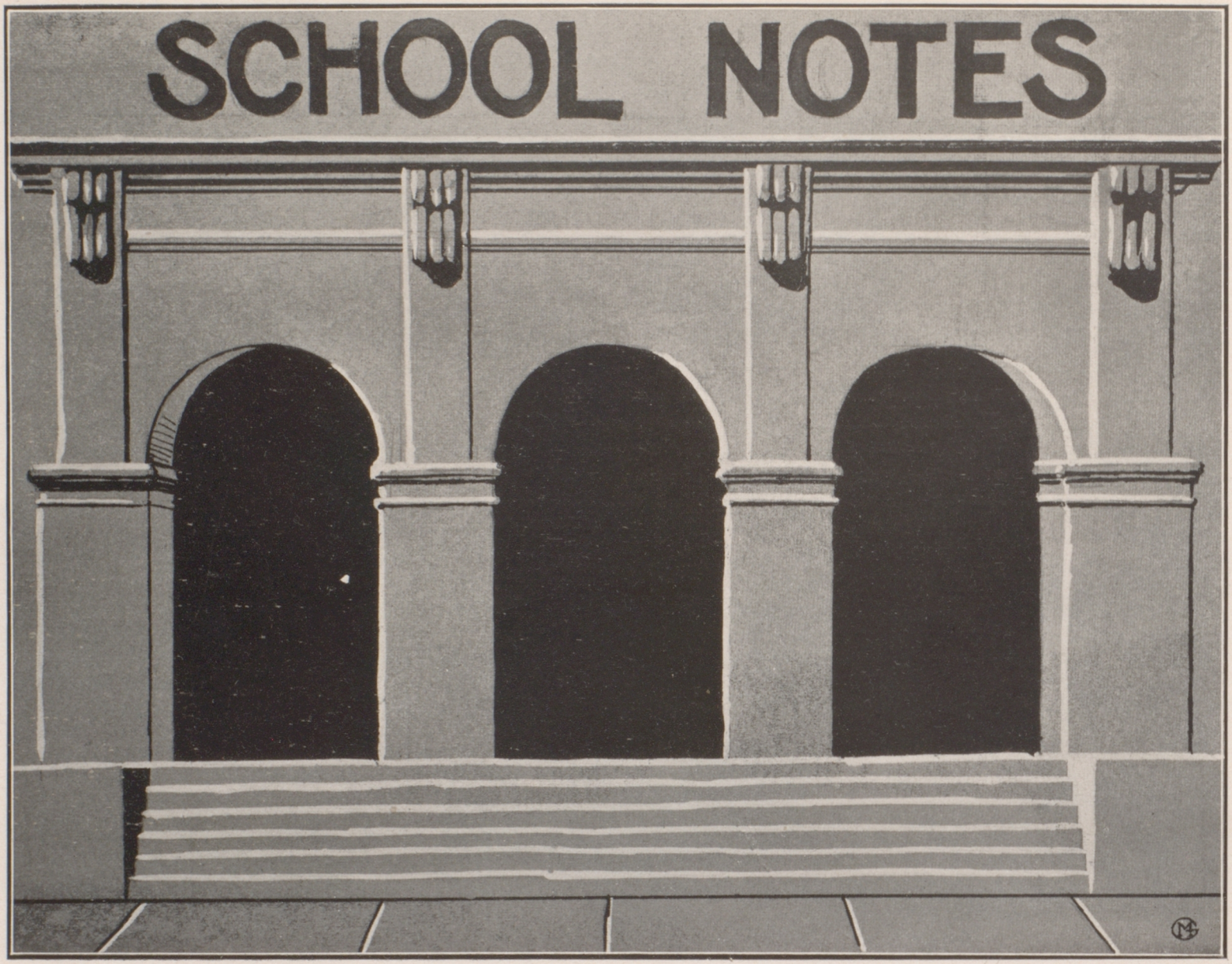
President—Clement Smith, Frank Pollard, Harold Sutherland.

Vice-President—Rita Dennison.

Secretary—Mendell Larkin, Irving Culver.

Executive Committee—Harry Adams, Jack Pearson, Adeline Toye, Paul Frick, Helen Funke, Clair Seagrave, Curtiss Bradford, Carol Tripp, Gladys Eggers, Amy Whitney, Helen Neal, Amy Walden, Harold Levkowicz.

Yell Leader—Ed. Joseph, Shy Seagrave, Ed. Bates.


SCHOOL NOTES

School Notes

HIGH SCHOOL DANCE.

The dance on Friday evening, September 8th, was indeed a credit to the High School. Adelphian Hall was decorated with the school colors, gold and white. A feature of the decorations was the huge football placed in the center of the stage and attached to the sides by yellow streamers. This was another product of the famous Coyle-Mastick studio. Hutton's orchestra furnished the music. The students worked hard to make this a success and the result, both financially and socially, surely justified their efforts.

POTTERY LECTURE.

The Adelphian Club again showed their kindness by inviting the students to a lecture on Pottery given Wednesday, September 12th. The lecturer, Mr. Rhead, has traveled over Europe and this country in his hunt for choice specimens. He exhibited some rare examples of pottery that are almost priceless. The lecture was greatly enjoyed by all who attended, and the students wish to thank the ladies of the Adelphian Club for their generosity.

LECTURE TO SENIOR GIRLS.

At the request of Miss Haworth, Miss Stebbins, Assistant Dean of Women at the University of California, kindly consented to address the Senior girls, on Wednesday afternoon, September 20th. Miss Stebbins showed the girls the serious side of college life as well as its fun. Everyone enjoyed her talk and we all hope she will come and speak to us again. Ice cream and cake were served later by the girls to contribute to the general enjoyment.

LECTURE ON ALASKA.

On August 11th, under the management of Mr. Agard, the High School was given the opportunity of hearing Rev. Loyal Wirt, one of the best authorities on Alaska. Rev. Wirt was in Alaska for some years, and his information has been approved by the finest authorities. He gave many interesting facts of Alaskan life, and presented conditions in a clear light. The lecture was well attended by the students and their friends, greatly to their pleasure and profit.

COURSE IN FRENCH CONVERSATION.

Due to the kindness of Miss Garretson, a course in French conversation has been instituted in the High School. This is a new feature and will be of great benefit to students of French. Miss Garretson has secured Mrs. Van Brunt to take charge of the course, and every Wednesday morning a class has the opportunity of conversing in the language.

PIE SALE.

On Thursday morning, September 7th, the High School gave a pie sale. Owing, doubtless, to the infant appetite for the indigestible, these sales are well attended, and always prove a financial success.

ASTRONOMY LECTURE.

The ladies of the Adelphian Club very thoughtfully invited the High School students to an illustrated lecture on Astronomy, given by Prof. Shipley at their union meeting, September 7th. Many, especially of the science classes, took advantage of the opportunity. The thanks of the school are due for the gracious courtesy extended,

HIGH SENIOR PIE SALE.

The High Seniors held a Pie Sale at recess September 22nd. They worked hard soliciting pies and as a result this was the biggest success of any class sale this term.

CANDY SALE.

The High School held a candy sale September 29th. As usual they sold all the candy they had before recess was more than half over.

AUSTRALIAN BOYS.

The Australian League, a band of forty-five Australian boys who are journeying around the world, were in Alameda October 2nd and 3rd. They were entertained by the Chamber of Commerce, and stayed at the homes of various Alamedans during their visit. Several of the High School girls went to Adelphian Hall the noon of October 2nd to entertain them by singing. The boys gave two concerts at the Haight School Auditorium, both of which were well attended and much enjoyed. Their visit was a fine opportunity to meet English-speaking foreigners and for us to find out what people are doing in different portions of the globe.

CAFETERIA LUNCHEON.

The High School, needing money as usual, conceived the brilliant idea of feasting the students here at the school building some noon instead of making them eat the regular Park street lunch, thereby doing a charitable deed as well as making money. "Hot dogs," beans, sandwiches, coffee, cake, fruit, ice cream, and candy were sold. The High School students wish to thank the Alameda merchants who were so generous in donating the food. The luncheon was a big success, about thirty-five dollars being added to the treasury. Let's do it again. After the luncheon a program of music and recitations was given.

LECTURE BY PROFESSOR TOMLINS.

October 12th, after the Columbus Day programs in the various rooms, Professor Tomlins, the famous director of choral music in Chicago, lectured in the Assembly Hall on "The Relation of Music to Life." He sang some of the old songs which never grow outworn, "My Old Kentucky Home," and "America," to exemplify his theories.

LECTURE BY MR. EDSON.

At the student meeting October 31st, Mr. Edson of the Oakland Y. M. C. A. spoke on the organization of an orchestra in the High School. He asked for the aid of all the students in making this orchestra a big success as it would be of real service at High School entertainments of all kinds.

RENO BOYS.

In return for the courtesy extended to the Alameda football team by Reno High School, Alameda High invited the Reno football team to come here November 3rd. The invitation was accepted. On the morning of November 3rd, several students kindly loaned their autos and met the Reno team at Sixteenth street station. The guests were taken around town until noon.

At 12 o'clock the two teams, with Doctor Thompson and Rev. Mears, were given a luncheon in one of the new buildings. The luncheon, in charge of Rita Dennison and Amy Whitney, was splendidly managed and seemed to be enjoyed by all present. After-dinner speeches were made by Doctor Thompson, Mr. Mears, the coaches, and various members of the team.

The afternoon periods were shortened, and at 2 o'clock all the students assembled in the Assembly Hall for a rally. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Mears, and Mr. Rosenthal of the Chamber of Commerce welcomed the visitors to Alameda. The captains and coaches of the two teams also spoke. Later a very enjoyable program was rendered.

The Park Theater gave a special program in the evening and many of the students attended.

DANCE FOR RENO HIGH.

Alameda High tendered the boys from Reno a dance at Adelphian Hall after the game on Saturday. Owing to the scarcity of girls none of the fellows had a great number of dances, the Alameda boys stepping aside to fill the programs of their guests.

The decorations were in the Reno colors. Red and blue streamers were hung from the sides of the stage, in the center of which was a big electric sign displaying the worn Reno. A great deal of this decoration was due to the Coyle-Mastick studio. Ed Seagrave, who managed the dance, brought out a success financially as well as in other ways. The programs were original and the boys had no trouble in finding their partners, for space was left to put down the color of eyes and dress of the lady. Another original stunt was the "Reno Schottische," which found favor among many of the High School students.

Taken all in all, the dance was a success and everyone that went had a dandy time. Thanks are due to the Adelphian ladies who gave us the hall for expenses. We hope that this will not be the last time we will be able to welcome the Reno team to Alameda, and that the fellows enjoyed themselves while they were with us as much as we enjoyed having them.

READING OF "MILES STANDISH."

Appropriate to the Thanksgiving recess, Miss Berg read "Miles Standish" to music arranged and played by Mr. Agard. This incidental music comprised selections from the chorals of Martin Luther, Dvorak, Schumann, and Macdowell's "Woodland Idyls."

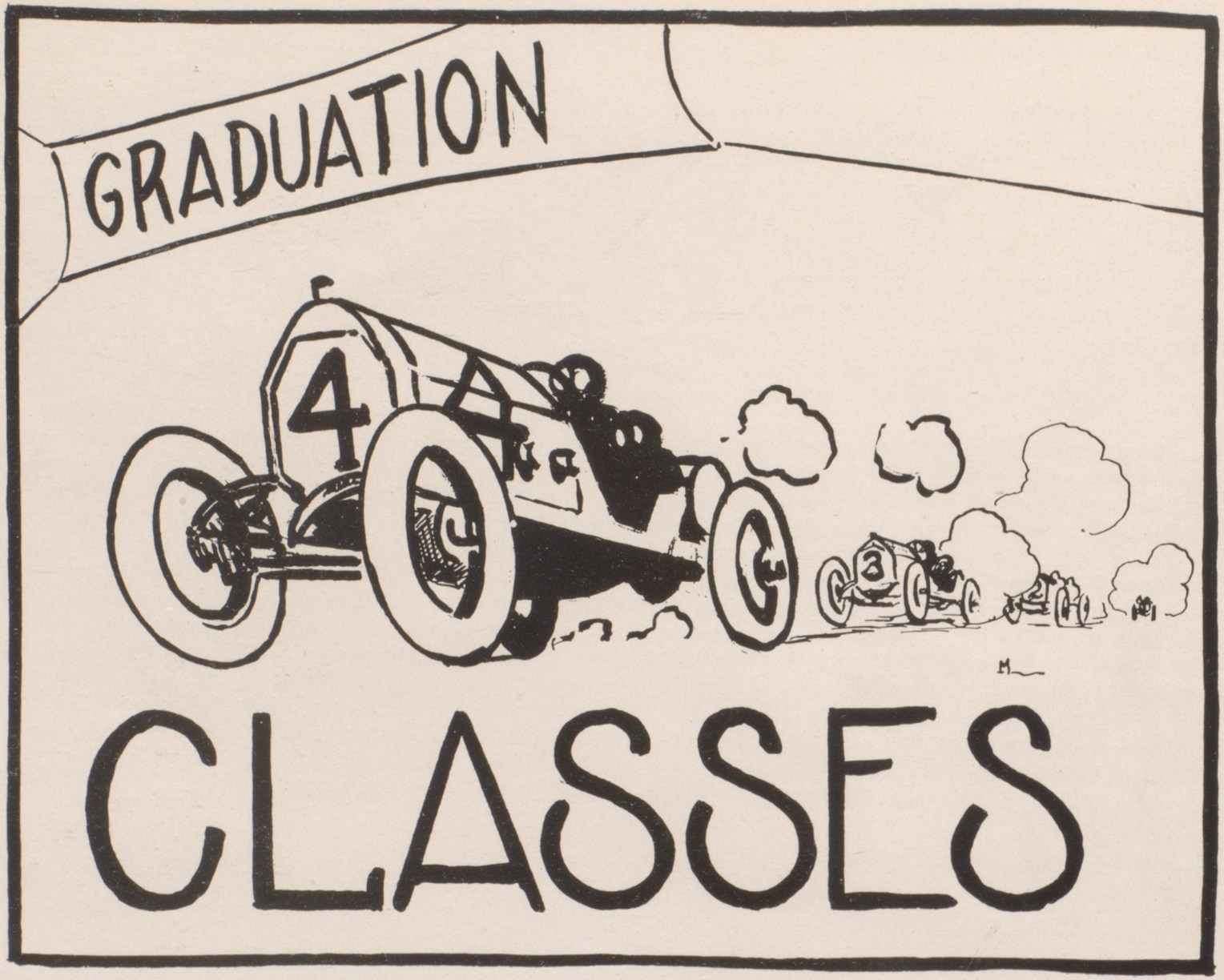
MILDRED ADAMS.

"SHIP AHOY!"

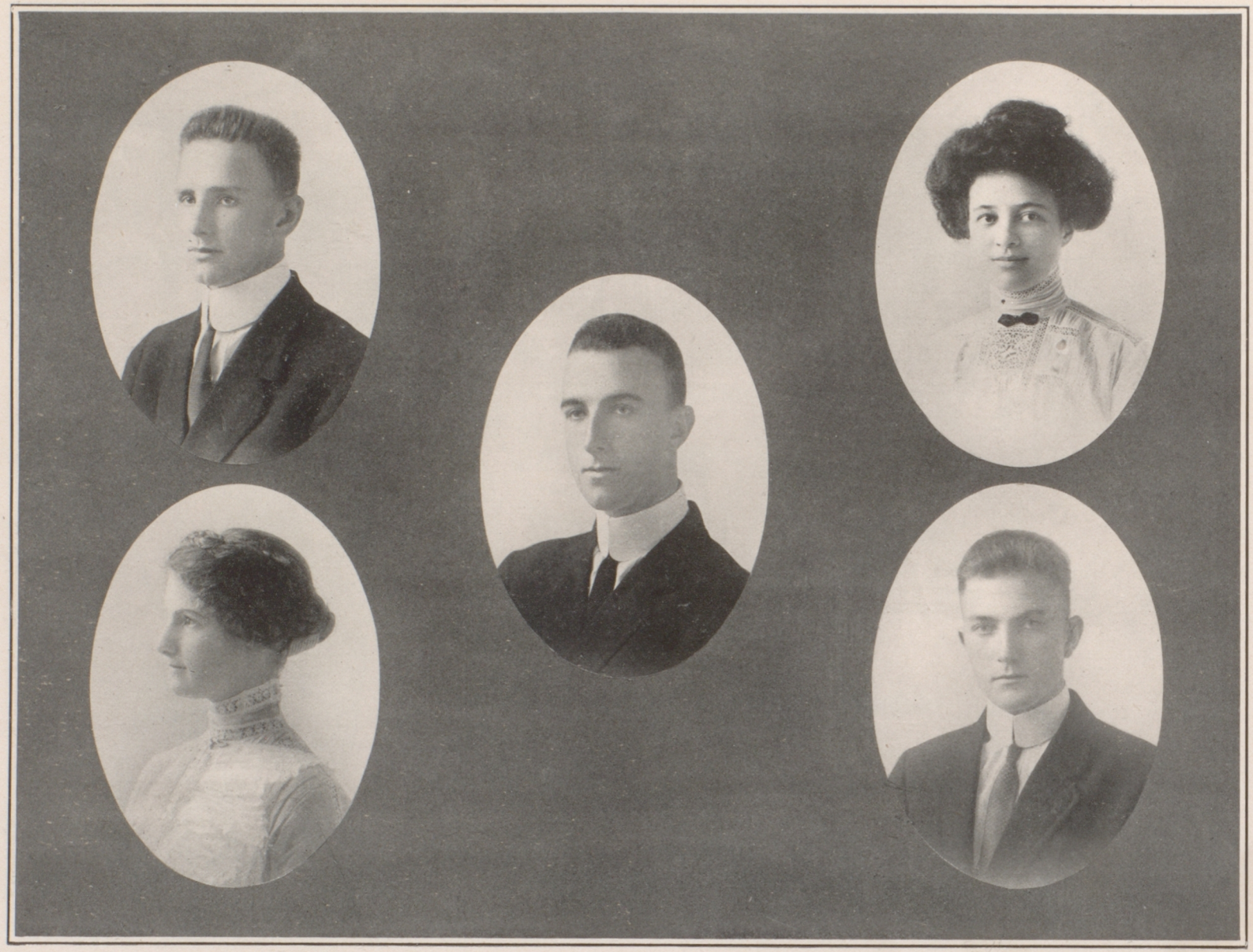
To get out of the debt which it bears, the executive committee has decided to produce a light opera, at the first of the next term. The plan is exceptionally good and should help to clear the school from the large debt that it owes.

"Ship Ahoy" is more of a Kirmess than an opera and there are many chances for the good voices and looks of Alameda High pupils to show themselves. It is hoped that a large number of the students will help to make the choruses, which form the main part of the plot, a success.

It is a long time since anything of the kind has been attempted, but the confidence in Mr. Carlisle, as a coach, assures us that the play will help the school. One mite of a suggestion: Let those who take part keep well up in their studies and when we again want some school activity, the faculty will be glad to consent.


GRADUATION
4
3
CLASSES

ECO
DEAD
F. VON SCHMIDT



Harold Von Schmidt
Jeanie Ohlson

Robert Sherard
President

Anna Dodge
Edward Seagrave

Hazel Livingston
Walter Bryan

Katherine Westbrook
Vice President

Irving Griffitts
Ethel Shearer

Charles Murphy
Lulu Greene

Edward Kramer
Treasurer

Maud Sloan
Edwin Anthony

Elsie Schultz
Earl Thompson

Elsa Burkhart
Class Editor

Henry Turk
Marguerite Mix

Ida Clinton
William Johns

Clara Clintsman
Secretary

Elwin Remmel
Elsie Zaddart

Dec. '11 Class History

In January, 1908, over one hundred students entered the Freshman class. They continued to drop out, along the way, until but twenty-five are left to be called the "best class that ever graduated."

We organized in our High Junior year, electing Harold Von Schmidt, President; Ethel Shearer, Vice-President; Katheryn Westbrook, Secretary, and Edward Kramer, Treasurer. A committee was appointed to select some designs for a class pin, subject to the approval of a majority of the class. We selected our pin and class colors, and then proceeded to make an outline of the work to be done in our Senior year.

In our Low Senior term, realizing that we had a great deal to accomplish, we early elected the following efficient corps of officers: President, Charles Murphy; Vice-President, Elsa Burkhard; Secretary, Elwyn Remmel, and Treasurer, Robert Sherard; Class Editor, Marguerite Mix. Play and finance committees were appointed. A budget was made out and the members of the class taxed for the necessary expenses. The Play Committee proposed several dramas and farces and the howling college farce, "A Strenuous Life," was finally chosen. After the selection of the play, Miss Irene Coffin, of the English Club of the University of California, was chosen as coach, and Harold Von Schmidt was chosen manager. He appointed Henry Turk and Elwyn Remmel as assistants. The play was produced Saturday evening, April 29, 1911. It was a decided success from every standpoint and drew a full house. Marked talent was shown by many of the players.

Toward the end of the term, the class entertained in honor of the graduating class at a theater party. "Mary Jane's Pa," produced by the Bishop players, was enjoyed by a large number from the Senior classes of A. H. S. After the play, all went to Lehnhardt's for refreshments.

The giving of a theater party, in place of a dance, was something new in the way of Senior entertainment, and the High Seniors expressed their appreciation of the entertainment very heartily.

In our High Senior term, we elected Robert Sherard, President; Katheryn Westbrook, Vice-President; Clara Clintsman, Secretary; Edward Kramer, Treasurer; Elsa Burkhard, Class Editor. We have devoted our entire attention to study during this, our High Senior term. And now, on the eve of graduation we, the class of Dec. '11, bid farewell to our dear school and schoolmates, who will always be held in pleasant memory, when we are far out in the world we are now entering.

Irving Griffitts, Dec. '11.

Class Dictionary

Name.	Appearance.	Favorite Expression	Favorite Occupation	Besetting Sin.	Ideal.	Appropriate Song.	Fitting Quotation.	Destiny.
"Big Ant" Anthony	Stately	"Oh, Jem!"	Making friends with the teachers	Hasn't any	Dowie	"I've Said My Last, My Last Farewell, Toot-Toot, Good-by"	"Going, going, gone!!!"	Evangelist
"Walt" Bryan	Classical	"Beat it!"	Collecting (?) student dues	Baseball	Ty Cobb	"Take Me Out to the Ball Game"	"A hit! a hit! a very palpable hit!"	Busher
Elsa Burkhard	Cherubic	"No, I don't think so"	Arguing with Mr. Marshall	Boldness	Alice Freeman Palmer	"The Dear Little Ghost of Your Smile"	"She was so charitable and so pitious, she wolde weepe if that she saw a mouse caught in a trappe"	Mayoress of Alameda
Ida Clinton	Chubby	"What do you know about that?"	Looking wise	Gushing	Maurice Costello	"The Girl Who Wouldn't Spoon"	"For she was full of amiable grace"	Schoolmarm
Clara Clintzman	Amazonian	"I don't know a thing"	Flirting (?)	Being absent	Maude Adams	"Absent"	"Her body was so slight it seemed she could have floated in the sky"	President of W. C. T. U.
Anna Dodge	Winsome	"What's the History lesson?"	Talking	Corralling historical reference books	Eleanor Sears	"He's a Military Man"	"Her looks were like beams of the morning sun"	Society matron
Lulu Greene	Dignified	"Help!"	Quoting law	Doing everything just right	"Paterooski"	"I Won't Play Unless You Coax Me"	"She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she should"	Leader of Orpheum Orchestra
"Griff" Griffitts	Husky	"Aw—!"	Crabbing	Tipping the boys on T. M. M.'s sayings	Sherlock Holmes	"Central, Give Me Back My Nickel"	"Love thyself last"	Book agent
"'76" Johns	Military	"I gotcha"	Dodging "soft-nosed" bullets	That musket	George Washington	"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"	"Hail! the conquering hero comes"	Private No. 6

Class Dictionary

Name.	Appearance.	Favorite Expression	Favorite Occupation	Besetting Sin.	Ideal.	Appropriate Song.	Fitting Quotation.	Destiny.
"Ed" Kramer	Cheerful	"Aw, that ain't right"	Smoking Bull Durham	Hay rides	Rockefeller	"Oh, Why Is Money So Hard to Get?"	"To every man his dues"	Professor of German at U. C.
Hazel Livingston	Beaming	" 'Ha,' cried the villain, laughing wickedly"	Doing nothing	Changing her style of coiffure	Queen Elizabeth	"Take It Nice and Easy"	"Red as a rose is she"	Demonstrator for Seven Sutherland Sisters
Marguerite Mix	Demure	"Oh, piffle!"	Prompting Mr. Marshall's victims	Studying in recitation period	Hanitany	"Smart, Smart, Smart"	"Sleeking her soft deluding locks"	Old maid
"Murph" Murphy	Irish Beauty	"My boy"	Getting trips	Ragging	St. Patrick	"They Always Always Pick On Me"	"As thou dost, Antony"	Professor in History Department
Jeanie Olson	Independent	"I don't know"	Getting peeved	Making eyes	May Sutton	"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave"	"Her lively looks a sprightly mind discloses"	Historical research specialist
"Babe" Remmel	Poetic	"Tickets?"	Shining in Math. classes	The "Nick"	Sidney Ayres	"I'm My Mama's 'Lasses Taffy Baby Boy"	"So young and yet so tender"	Manager of the "Park"
"Neat Ed" Seagrave	Swell	"Fellows, look at Shy."	Taking the boys out to dinner	College "Jergens"	Any girl	"Put Me Among the Girls"	"Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful"	Clerk in perfumery Department, Owl Drug Store
Ethel Shearer	Bostonian	"By heck"	Sketching	Giving suggestions	Bud Fisher	"I'm a Most Particular Lady"	"For if she will, she will, You may depend on't, And if she won't, she won't, So there's an end on't"	Art Editor of "Ladies Home Journal"
"General U." Sherrard	Bold	"Huh?"	Working out on "off" nights	Pie sales	Beau Brummel	"I'll Come Back, Maybe I Will, Maybe I Won't"	"Society welcomes only those who amuse or flatter"	Stepping into Ned Greenway's boots

Class Dictionary

Name.	Appearance.	Favorite Expression	Favorite Occupation	Besetting Sin.	Ideal.	Appropriate Song.	Fitting Quotation.	Destiny.
Elsie Schulze	Petite	"Gee—"	Reciting (?) in Oral English	Borrowing train tickets	Daniel Webster	"I Want to Be a Fairy"	"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall"	Orator
Maud Sloan	Languishing	"Whoops m'deah."	Giggling	Queening	Tetrazzini	"I'm Looking For a Sweetheart and I Think You'll Do"	"Sweet bird—— Most musical, most melancholy"	Prima donna
"Sadness" Thompson	Jolly	"Rats!"	Studying his lessons	The girls	Marconi	"A Nice Little Girl Could Do Wonders With Me"	"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad"	Undertaker
"Milkweed" Turk	Intelligent	"Where's 'Dutch'?"	Helping "Dutch"	Cracking jokes (?)	Bill Nye	"Daisies Won't Tell"	"The loose train of thy amber dropping hair"	Taming wild flowers
"Dutch" Von Schmitt	Coy	"Daff!"	Football	Playing to the gallery	Landers Stevens	"Rah Rah Boy"	"Never do to-dav what you can put off till to-morrow"	Sign-painter
Katherine Westbrook	Fashionable	"One of the fellows—"	Cramming for Physics	Objecting	Sylvia Pankhurst	"Little Miss Up To Date"	"And French she spak ful faire and fetisly"	Society editor, "Times-Star"
Elsie Zaddart	Coquetish (?)	"Ye gods and little fishes!"	Attending moving-picture shows	Carelessness (?)	Buffalo Bill	"Father Bought a Woolly Dog to Keep the Boys Away"	"Upon an amblere easily she sat"	Bareback rider in Ringling's circus

Class Prophecy

Miss E. M. Garretson,
24 Champs-Elysees, Paris.

Dear Madam: In reply to your request for information concerning the members of the Class of December 1911, of the Alameda High School, I enclose the following newspaper clippings, which I hope will supply you with the desired information.

Your obedient servant,
HERLOCK SHOLMES.
Per W. D.

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Wigs and toupees that defy detection. Well ventilated—wig making a life study; I guarantee them; improve your appearance; prevent colds; can be worn day or night.

EDWIN R. ANTHONY, JR.,
784 Market St.,
San Francisco.

ASTRONOMICAL RESEARCH.

Dec. 1, 1921.—The noted astronomer of Tombstone, Arizona, is reported by the Tombstone Epitaph to have made the astounding discovery that the moon has a first and last quarter and is often full. Mr. Bryan has been created Doctor of Astronomy by the University of Arizona for making this observation which will change the whole solar system.

BERLIN PRETZEL.

Oct. 24, 1921.—Elsa, Baroness von Epperiwelzen Sarkeld Schwecklenberg-Merin was presented at court yesterday. Her delicate, blonde beauty was enhanced by a marvelous creation of purple velvet, green lace and chinchilla fur. Her jewels were the most splendid ever seen at any of the brilliant functions in Berlin. Her marriage with Baron Otto Carl Schwecklenberg-Merin in Geneva, as will be remembered, was a most romantic occurrence.

Paris, Feb. 4, 1921.—The plans of Mlle. Ida Clinton, the noted architect, have been accepted for the new Louvre. All critics agree that Mlle. Clinton's work is exceptionally fine. She first became interested in architecture when still attending high school in the U. S. upon taking a course in mechanical drawing. She is a graduate of the Beaux Arts and won the Prix de Rome. The new Louvre, no doubt, will surpass the old one.

BACON RIND.
Daring Arrest Made.

Police Officeress C. Clintsman to-day caught the daring chauffeuse, Miss Dodge, exceeding the speed limit on Lakeview drive. The local force have been on the look-out for taxis run by Miss Dodge, as she is noted for her ability to dodge the cops.

Class Prophecy

MUSICAL.

Greene's Musical Correspondence School. Pioneer correspondence course for music. No ability needed to become a proficient musician.

L. Greene,
677-678 Verdant Bldg., State St.,
Chicago, Ill.

ATHENS STATUE.

July 16, 1921.—Irving Griffitts, of Alameda, Cal., U. S. A., broke his own record on the third day of the Olympian games, when he, with unparalleled speed, dashed 50 yards in 25 seconds.

VALUABLE MUSKETS AND RELICS STOLEN.

Lexington, Mass., April 18, 1921.—When the Hon. Wm. Johns, on returning from a three-days' expedition about our historic State for the commendable purpose of securing muskets and other relics of 1776 to add to his already large store, found his cherished collection, which is the apple of his eye, so to speak, gone!!! A squad of Boston detectives mounted on aeroplanes have been detailed, but have found no clues. "76" Johns is tracking the dastardly criminal with the town bloodhound and his old flint-lock.

LALUSAHATCHEE ALLIGATOR.

Sept. 12, 1921.—Our town may well be proud of its mayor, Edward Kramer. He has received a patent on his perpetual motion machine. The underlying principle involved in this invention is the mechanism of the human tongue.

IS YOUR HAIR GRAY?
USE SUNSET HAIR TONIC.
All correspondence strictly confidential. Write to-day.

Hazel Livingston,
2210 Fifth Ave., New York.

PHILADELPHIA EXAMINER.

Miss M. Mix, after a ten-year course at U. C., has been appointed Editor-in-Chief of the Suffragettes Monday Evening Gazette, founded by Franklin Benjamin, in 1728, in this city. The paper will now resume its pristine spiciness.

BOOK REVIEW.

Davis Rarding Hitchard's new book is a thriller. Mr. Hitchard acknowledges that the hero in real life is the romantic soldier of fortune, Capt. Chas. Murphy. Though this is not known to the general public, it is a fact that since the recent revolution Mr. Murphy is the power behind the Chinese throne. His friends can now recognize certain revolutionary traits even as far back as his high school days.—New Orleans Pickaninny.

Perfect fits (and other spasms) guaranteed when you see your suit ordered from E. Remmel, the ladies' fashionable tailor, 29 Water St., Sausalito.

CHIROPODIST.

Corns removed 50c; warts, bunions, ingrowing nails cured; shoes made; painless and bloodless chiropody.

E. F. Seagrave, F. D. (Foot Doctor),
Van Ness Ave., cor. Clay,
San Francisco.

Class Prophecy

TAMMANY TIGER.

New York, August 1, 1921.—The Outdoor Improvement Society under the able leadership of Mrs. O. P. H. Brown-Astor (nee Jeanie Olsen), the new president, is suing Miss E. M. Shearer, the noted sign painter who is noted for her startling effects, for $50,000 for defacing property on the Hudson belonging to the Society. The defendant is sparing no money in her defense, having engaged one of the ablest lawyers in the U. S., Miss K. Westbrook. Mrs. Brown-Astor, Miss Shearer and Miss Westbrook were class mates in the A. H. S. This makes the coming struggle, which promises to be a hot one, more interesting.

CROWS LANDING CROAK.

Bob Sherrard, an enterprising young farmer, has astounded many of our conservative grangers by his latest innovation, a gasoline plow. Mr. Sherrard is the first farmer to use this new invention and he deserves great success in his results.

BOSTON BEAN.

The new ballet presented last night at the Back Bay Opera House, with Mlle. Elsa Shultze as the leader, was a marvel of delicate fancy and charm. Every one was pleased with the performance and declared it highly educational and interesting.

SLOANE'S MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.

Our patent match-making machine is warranted to give satisfaction to all lonely people. Box 248, Fruitvale, Cal.

THE QUACK.

Portland, Oregon, Oct. 31, 1921.—When an interview was sought yesterday from Earl Thomson, M. D., he was found glowering at several thousand newly-discovered bookworms in a bottle. Dr. Thomson's sensational laboratory experiments with water and its effect on bacilli have revolutionized the medical world.

GRAUSTARK EXPRESS.

Henry Turk, the noted dermatologist, has been knighted by her Majesty, Yetive of Graustark, in appreciation of a service rendered by him in replacing a lost eyelash. His title is Henry, Lord Gobble, of Turkark.

SAN FRANCISCO TIMES-STAR.

Nov. 28, 1921.—The famous varsity coach, "Dutch" von Schmidt, has resigned from the Yale faculty and is now head football coach of Mills College.

COYOTE YELP.

Badlands, N. Dakota, Sept. 20, 1921.—The Wrong brothers have sued wise Elsie Zaddart for infringements of patents. Miss Zaddart has been experimenting with winged horses for ten years past and now has a good specimen. The aeroplane men claim that she has taken their biplane and motor ideas and used them on "Pegasus." They fear that she will put biplanes out of business, as these improved horses are sure to be popular.

Scene from "A Strenuous Life"

Presented by the Class of December, 1911

"A Strenuous Life"

Presented by Class of December, 1911

"A Strenuous Life," presented by the class of December '11, was generally pronounced a decided success. It was not a classical play, but a highly amusing and entertaining college farce. Every member of the class worked hard to make it a creditable production. And the result was entirely satisfactory. Every seat was sold. The comedy was enacted before an enthusiastic audience and elicited round after round of hearty applause.

There is not a dull moment in the play from the time that Tom hears of his father's intention to visit the college to the very climax of the story, when Nugata's "Yiss" saves the day. The complications arise thick and fast, but Tom braves them all manfully (even to the point of dramatically delivering the college yell—Oski wow wow, etc.—to an admiring father as a substitute for a Greek oration), and they work out satisfactorily for all concerned.

The credit for the success of the play must be given chiefly to Miss Coffin, who coached, and Harold von Schmidt, who managed the production.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Tom Harrington, a football captain....Harold von Schmidt
Reginald Black, his chum.....Edward Kramer
James Roberts, a Freshman.....Henry Turk
Byron Harrington, Tom's father.....Charles Tilden
Professor James, from Stanford.....Randolph Sharpstein
Dan Davenant, a miner.....Edgar Kelly
Nugata, a Japanese.....Irving Culver
Professor Magee.....Edwin Barnes
Dawley, collector.....Edwin Barnes
Marion Davenant, daughter of Dan....Constance Van Brunt
Ruth Thornton.....Ruth Huff
Dulcie Harrington, daughter of Byron.....Edna Close
Mrs. Wiggins, landlady.....Valerie Ansel
Mrs. Maguire.....Hazel Livingston

Last Will and Testament

I, the Class of December 1911, of the Alameda High School, State of California, being four years of age and of sound and disposing mind and memory, and about to depart this life forever, and not acting under any undue influence of any person whatsoever, do make and declare this my last will and testament, in manner following, to wit:

First. I do give and bequeath to the faculty my heartfelt thanks and appreciation for all the time and patience spent on me in their unceasing efforts to increase my educational advantages.

Second. I do direct that my superfluous "ones" be divided among those most needing them.

Third. The remainder of my worldly possessions I do give and bequeath as follows:

Item I. Earl Thompson's promptness in handing in Physic experiments to 'Lex Baum.

Item II. Clara Clintsman's height to George Mastick.

Item III. Hazel Livingston's auburn locks to "Shy" Seagrave to add fuel to the flame.

Item IV. Charles Murphy's pleasant half hours after school with Miss Garretson to Hugh Aiton.

Item V. Katharine Westbrook's hand to Mr. Minium to be used in explaining the dynamo rule.

Item VI. Ed. Kramer's "ones" in High. Soph. German to Bert Moulthrop.

Item VII. Elsa Burkhard's "ones" to "Cannon" Beach to insure his graduation.

Item VIII. Ida Clinton's extra mechanical drawing plates to Mr. Rice to be used as models.

Item IX. Harold Von Schmidt's varsity style to Bill Howe.

Item X. Lulu Green's books on laws to Elmer Stone for his personal use in that profession.

Item XI. Maud Sloan's vocal talent to Ruth Young or any other future prima donna desiring it.

Item XII. Robert Sherrard's method of conducting class meetings to the president of the next High Senior Class.

Item XIII. Ned Anthony's fondness (?) for going to school to Wilfred Traphagen.

Item XIV. Elise Zaddart's "Ladies' Home Journal" to Mr. Marshall.

Item XV. Anna Dodge's majestic bearing to Kathleen Fores.

Item XVI. Marguerite Mix's power of concentration to Ed. Beach, so that he will be able to study and keep quiet during study hours.

Item XVII. Bryan's eloquence to Ming Bruzzone for his use in his speeches before the student body.

Last Will and Testament

Item XVIII. Turk's jokes to Berenice Naghel with the understanding that she does not spoil them.

Item XIX. Ethel Shearer's Latin books and her proficiency in that language to "Fat" Larkin, hoping they may be of use to him.

Item XX. Elsa Schultze's orchids to Mr. Agard.

Item XXI. Irving Griffit's self-assurance to some of the Freshmen who need it.

Item XXII. To all those afflicted with the "glooms" I leave Ed. Seagrave's smile, hoping their "glooms" will soon be "joys."

Item XXIII. Elwyn Remmel's curly locks to anyone who envies them.

Item XXIV. Jeanie Olsen's placid temperament (?) to Grace Bradford.

Item XXV. Will John's quiet dignified manner to the boys of the school, to use during student meetings.

Lastly, I hereby name Dr. G. C. Thompson and Miss Garretson as executors of this my last will and testament.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord, One thousand nine hundred and eleven.

CLASS OF DECEMBER, 1911.

SENIOR

The Low Senior Class

The officers of the class of June '11 are: Harold Sutherland, President; Ellen Rogers, Vice-President; Mildred Levy, Secretary; Alfred Powell, Treasurer; Harold Levkowicz, Class Editor.

The present Low Senior class organized in its high junior term and the first attempt to bring its members into closer touch with one another was a dance given at Harmony Hall. Since then, we have weathered our junior year and have stepped into the ranks of the Seniors.

This semester we have devoted our entire attention in preparing ourselves for passing the last milestone of four years of happy high school life. In the early part of the term, we organized and the very efficient staff of officers has enabled us to make a decided success of our term's work. The play has been foremost in our minds and as a class we have endeavored to make it a great success, both financially and from a standpoint of production.

We enter the high Senior class with a clean record and on a good financial basis. A thing of interest concerning the class is that it is the largest one that will have graduated since the earthquake class of '06.

MEETINGS.

August 15, 1911—The first regular meeting of the Low Senior class was on August 15th, for the purpose of electing officers. It was moved and seconded that two dollars be alloted for class dues. Several amendments to the constitution were read. It was decided to have a candy sale.

August, 24, 1911—The second meeting of the class was held on August 24th, for the purpose of discussing a suitable play and electing an ACORN representative. It was moved and carried that the president appoint a play committee of five. Mr. Seagrave was appointed chairman of that committee. Suggestions were given by Miss Berg, and different members of the class gave synopses of possible plays.

October 9, 1911—Mr. Carlyle was selected to manage the Senior show. The play, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," was selected for production. Mr. Smith was elected manager of the play but resigned and in the new election Mr. Sutherland was elected. The date of the play was set for November 18th. It was decided that the seats of the entire house should be fifty cents.

November 20, 1911—Reports rendered on the success of the play. The treasurer reported one hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury. It was decided to tender a dinner or "feed" to the High Seniors and thus close a very successful term.

The Senior Play

On the evening of the Senior show everyone comes to see the youth of Alameda distinguish themselves on the stage and I am sure no amateur thespians ever brought more credit upon themselves than did the members of the cast. The play, which is a pretty story, seemed especially adaptable for high school production, and the cast, so well chosen by Miss Haworth, did exceptionally well in their respective parts.

The play was presented at Adelphian Hall, under the competent coaching of Mr. Carlyle, who is not unknown to Alameda High, and who has coached several other successful plays. The production was made a great success by the co-operation which was given to the class. The efforts of the class as a unit seemed to be recognized by those who could help, and they accordingly seemed very willing.

A volume of praise might be written about the way Eugenia Vaughan, Helen Funke, Carol Tripp, Anita Ross, Mildred Levy, Clement Smith, Alfred Powell and Leroy Krusi played their parts. Each and everyone played his or her part to perfection, from the dramatic to the sentimental.

Eugenia Vaughan, playing the title role, held the audience by the versatile interpretation of her part. Miss Vaughan showed exceptional talent in the difficult part which she took. Helen Funke seemed more natural on the stage than we see her at school. She surely did portray the average American girl just as she is and many have remarked on the ease with which she carried herself and the vivacity of her actions.

One would surely have thought Carol Tripp to be a good many summers older than she is, had they not known her. She surely proved to be a good looking "married lady" and the part must have been made for her. Anita Ross in the part of Mrs. Jars shows a great deal of talent as did Mildred Levy, whose German dialect was well spoken.

The leading man, Clement Smith, made a good looking foreigner and though misunderstood by Geraldine, he finally proved to her that her stubbornness was not without avail. Leroy Krusi should rightfully have been an Englishman. Though not a member of the class, he showed himself to be a talented actor and his droll English sayings caused many laughs.

The cast undoubtedly did well, but there had to be a management to make the financial side of the play a success. Manager Sutherland, according to the faculty, was the best manager who has ever made an Alameda High School play a success. He certainly worked hard and a large share of the credit of the play is due to him and those whom he selected to help in the management of the play.

Everyone complimented us on the success of our or-

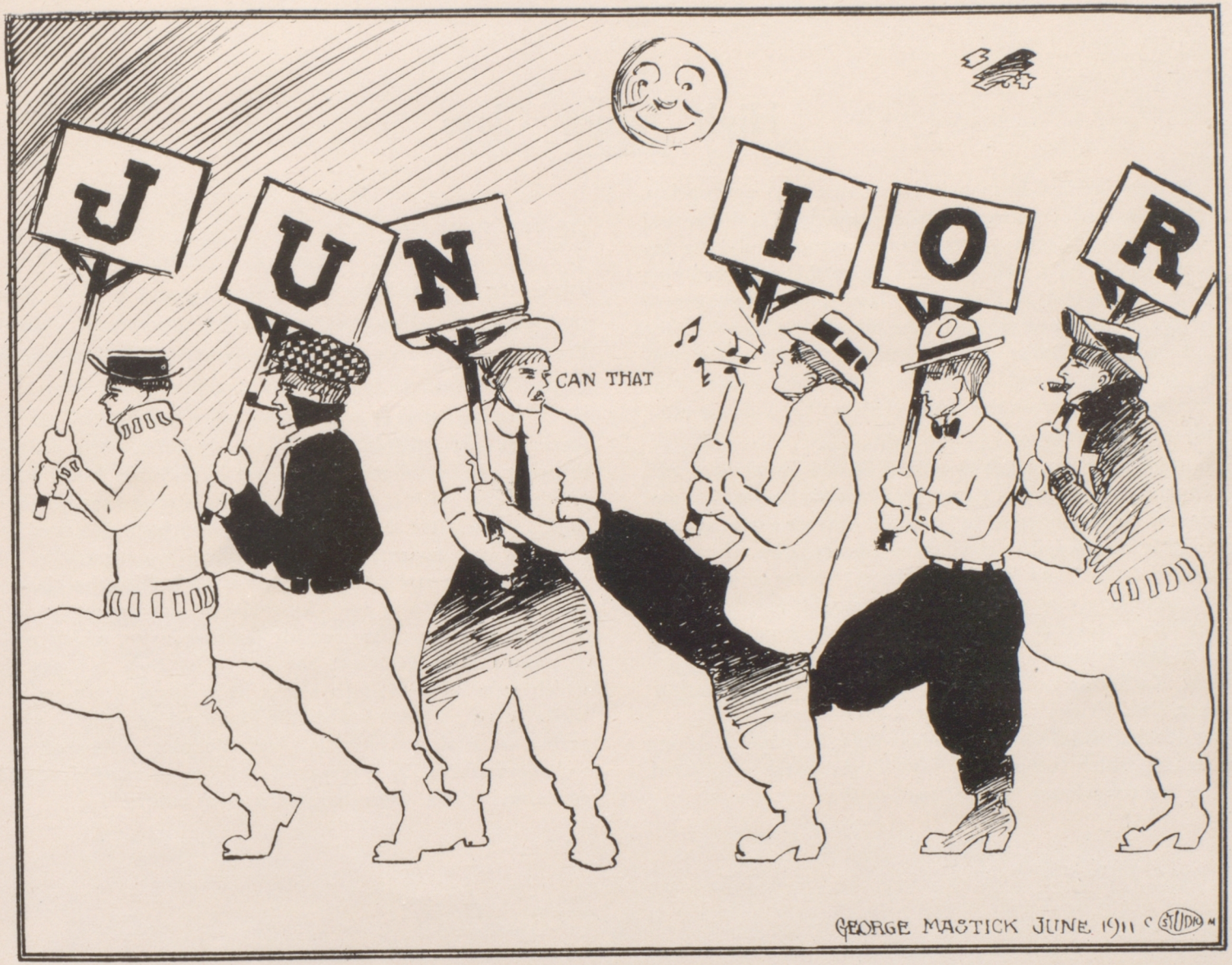
chestras. They were certainly so close to perfect that they might almost have been called professionals. Ernest Kaufman, who so kindly consented to lend his help toward making the show a success, is a former student of the Alameda High, and his orchestra was surely appreciated by the members of the class, as well as the audience. The symphony orchestra in Act IV, which was composed of High School students, is also to be complimented on their rendition.

In the person of Miss Haworth, the senior class feels that they have a friend, more than a teacher. It is a pleasure to have such a teacher; one who takes such a great amount of interest in everything that we undertake.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Geraldine Lang.....EUGENIA VAUGHAN
Vi Thompson.....HELEN FUNKE
Mrs. Wrighton.....CAROL TRIPP
Fraulein Handt.....MILDRED LEVY
Mrs. Jars.....ANITA ROSS
Mrs. Mathewson.....RUTH EDINGER
Mrs. Dreed.....FLORENCE HOSKEN
First Lady Passenger—Mrs. Whipple....ELLEN ROGERS
Second Lady Passenger—Miss Piney.....
.....FLORENCE HOSKEN
Third Lady Passenger—Miss Lansing.....
.....MILDRED ADAMS
Stewardess.....ISABEL KERRICH
Count Carlos Kinsey.....CLEM SMITH
Mr. Wrighton.....ALFRED POWELL
Lord Tilbury.....LEROY KRUSI
Mr. Crager.....WARD HIGGINS
Jars.....WADE MACOMBER
Steward.....MELVILLE HERSPRING
Thornton.....MELVILLE HERSPRING
Gentleman Passenger.....CHARLES TILDEN
Expressman .....“JEFF”
The Ship's Doctor.....CHARLES TILDEN

Guests and Passengers.


JUNIOR
CAN THAT
GEORGE MASTICK JUNE 1911 © STUDIO

High Junior Class

If an outsider had been asked to name two appropriate class colors for the entering class of January '06, he would surely have said, "Green for their appearance and blue for their expressions." In fact, the only claim that assorted portions of the class had to distinction lay in the shortness of pants or the longness of pigtails (the pigtails belonged to the girls). In our Freshman year we carried on many serious debates, supposed to be instructive, with such subjects as "Does the windmill across the street obstruct the view or not," but without many results.

Eventually we passed through the "timid Freshman" and "bold Sophomore" stages with as few blunders as possible and finally found, to our surprise and delight, that we were Juniors. We promptly proceeded to elect class officers, who, after they were elected found they had no business whatever to attend to. We accordingly proceeded quietly enough for that term.

This term, however, as High Juniors, we organized with almost the same officers: President, Domingo Bruzzone; Vice-President, Katherine Geldermann; Secretary, Mendell Larkin; Treasurer, Paul Frick; Class Editor, Leslie Brown.

We decided to follow in our class pins the general design of the acorn, which the present Low Senior class originated. The pins are considered more attractive than all others.

In athletics, the class has always stood high. At the present time there are twelve boys in the class and of these five, J. Pearson, P. Frick, M. Larkin, A. Baum and D. Bruzzone, are on the first team, and two, A. Aiton and W. D'Evelyn, are on the second. This is certainly a big percentage. Moreover, the class, as a whole, is deeply interested in athletics and has turned out strongly for every important football game.

The class dance, which took place on Friday, the 8th of December, at Adelphian Hall, was given for the purpose of bringing the members of the class into closer touch with one another and with the school. In the former respect and we hope in the latter the desired effect has been achieved. Contrary to our expectations, the difficulties encountered have only served to strengthen the spirit and unite the class. We have, however, been very fortunate in having many of these difficulties removed by outside assistance for which we wish to express our heartiest thanks. The bids for the dance, which were sent out two weeks beforehand, were written on white cards embossed with the class pin in relief. The programs were also white, but had the pins embossed in gold and were tied with green cords. The hall was decorated in green and white, these being the class colors.

Low Junior Class

During the month of August, 1909, a class entered the school with the intention of being heard from during their future four years of high school life, and as far as this year they have been heard from on and off, in various ways, a most notable incident being the capture of the inter-class baseball series last term.

The Low Junior class organized very early this term with the following officers: President, Edwin Barnes; Vice-President, Beatrice Cummings; Secretary, Adeline Toye; Treasurer, LeRoy Krusi; Class Editor, Sanderson Ilderton.

The class has had a very prosperous term, both in athletics, as far as classes are concerned, and it has the honor of being the first Low Junior class in the school to adopt its class pins in that term.

This came from a decision rendered by the class that as they would have the expense of a dance next year, which together with class dues and student dues works a hardship on some of the members, they thought it best to secure the pins this term. The design for the pin was selected from a large variety, which were mostly submitted by members of the class. The class member who happened to have his design chosen was President Barnes. The design is a very unique one, consisting of the pattern of an acorn with the numerals " '13" placed on the top and with a polished gold "A" on the lower part, and around the acorn design a border set with pearls. The gold with the exception of the "A" is rose finish. It is considered by all to be an exceptionally pretty pin.

The class was able, without much effort, to carry off the honors, by a large score, at the first interclass swimming meet ever held by this school. The meet was held at Surf Beach early in the term, the points secured by our class being 19, as against the 17 of the next class, who were the Freshmen.

The class was also well represented on the football team. Some of those making the school team from this class were Charles Tilden, Earl Gay, Randolph Sharpstein, and a few others.

The class is looking forward to a prosperous year and hopes to distinguish itself among the classes of the school.

High Sophomore Class

The High Sophomores held their first class meeting of the term on August 28th to elect new officers. The following were elected:

President.....Lindsley Sayre
Vice-President.....Ila Smith
Manager Boys' Athletics.....Edward Beach
Manager Girls' Athletics.....Mildred Jacobs
Class Editor.....Mabel Baird

The vote for secretary-treasurer resulting in a tie, the office of secretary was given to Dorothy Clennam and that of treasurer to Charles Rhein.

MABEL BAIRD.

Low Sophomore Class

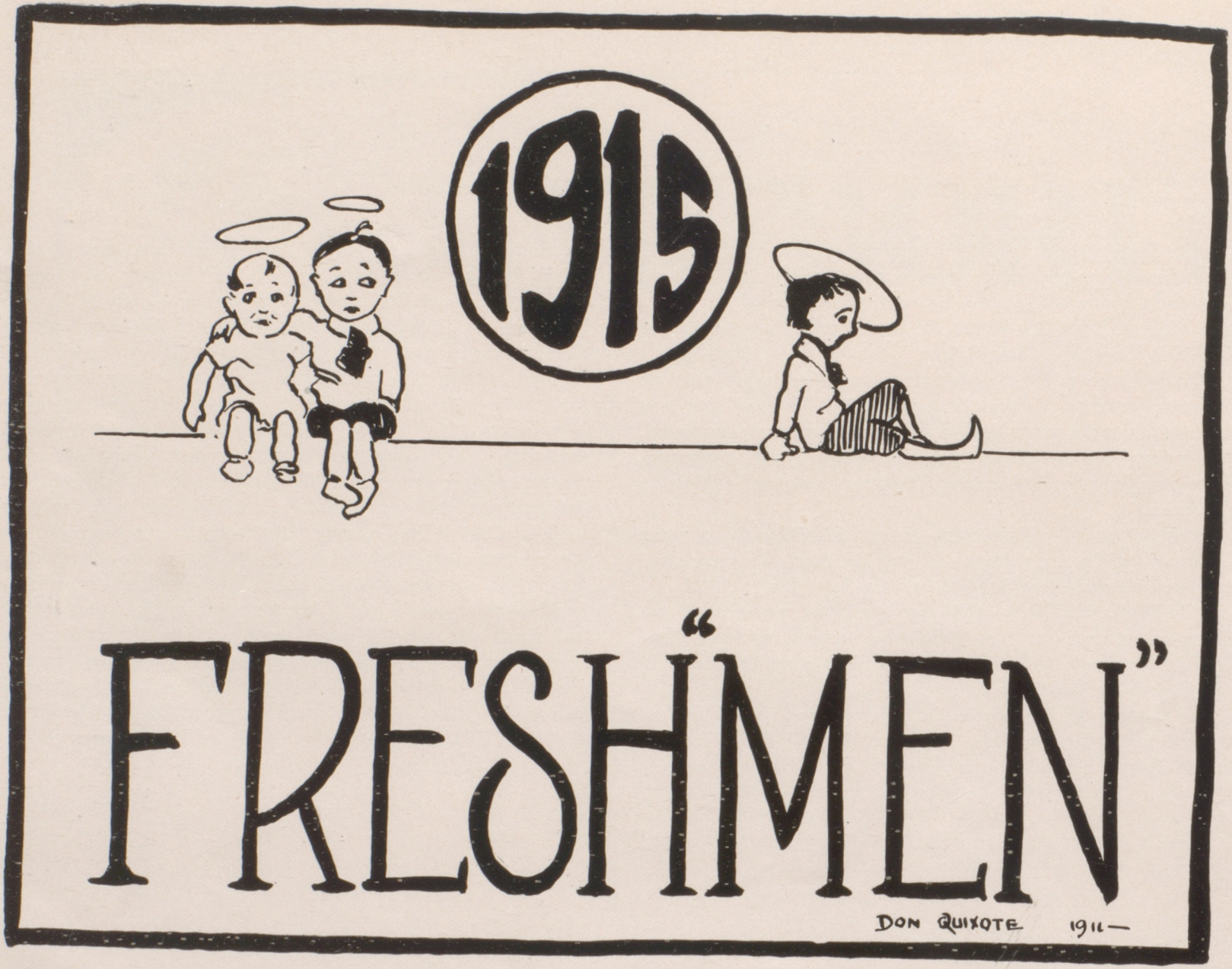
On September 5, 1911, the Low Sophomores gathered in Miss Hewitt's room for the purpose of choosing class officers. The students elected were: Edwin Joseph, President; Charlotte Culver, Vice-President; Edward Bates, Secretary, and Kendrick Vaughan, Class Editor.

On September 14, a class meeting was called for the purpose of determining on a dance or a tug ride. The tug ride was accepted as more attractive and a committee was appointed. This committee was composed of Edward Bates, chairman; Raymond Durney, Hall Funke, Dorothy Soule, and Charlotte Culver.

September 15, a class meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the tug ride and setting the date. It was passed that the date should be September 30, a Saturday.

On September 26, the girls discussed the topic of luncheon. The plan agreed was that girls who were going with boys should take lunch for two, and boys and girls going separately should provide lunch for themselves.

September 30, the day of the tug ride, was cloudy, but we said we would have a good time even if it did rain. We left on the eight-thirty boat from Alameda, reached San Francisco at nine-ten, and arrived by government tug boat at Goat Island at nine forty-five. During the morning we went to different parts of the island, through the buildings, saw the barracks, the hospital, and the residence of the higher officers. About noon we reached the summit of Goat Island, where the wireless station is situated. We remained there for a short time, and watched the operator receive and send messages. We then tramped for about half an hour looking for a place to eat lunch. After luncheon we went to the gymnasium where we danced for two hours. We then watched a baseball game between the Western Club of San Francisco and the Navy team of Goat Island. Many thanks are due to the sailors for the courtesy extended to us by showing us over the Island, and for the music rendered during the dance by their excellent band. We certainly had a fine time during the dance and the ball game and enjoyed every moment. We left at four-forty before the baseball game was over and arrived in San Francisco just in time to catch the Alameda boat. The Low Sophomores recognize indebtedness to Dr. Thompson, Misses Hewitt and Potwin, and the parents of some of the Low Sophomores for accompanying us.


1915
"FRESHMEN"
DON QUIXOTE 1911—

High Freshman Class

The first meeting of this term was called to order August 28, 1911, by the President of last term, Dean Perkins.

The purpose of the meeting was for the election of new officers. The following officers were chosen: President, Dean Perkins; Vice-President, Marion Murphy; Secretary, Marie Dunbar; Class Editor, Donald Pearson.

In the interclass swimming meet, held at Surf Beach early in the term, the High Freshman team held second place by taking sixteen points.

The reason that so many pupils fail in their second term at High School is because they do not realize the changed conditions of that term.

The Freshman often wonders why the second term is so much harder than the first. When he enters High School he is questioning whether he is to have a snap, or if he has to work from the beginning. At the end of the first term he finds that in most cases the teachers have given him the benefit of a doubt, and that school is not so bad after all. So he decides to keep on.

His second term he finds very different. Everything is less strange, for he has become fairly well acquainted with the place. He finds that he has not nearly so much of a snap as he had the term before. He finds that teachers are more strict in their markings, and that there is less leniency shown him. He also commences to realize from this time, if he has not before, what work really is.

A Freshman's first impressions of the Alameda High School are rather vague, owing to the new surroundings. When a Freshman has arrived he is usually given a warm reception. When the bell rings he hears something about a "study hall," so, following the crowd he arrives in it. He sits down and listens to a talk by Dr. Thompson. After it is over he leaves the study hall and hunts for his future classroom. This takes some time, but it is eventually located and he is instructed in the subtle art of making a program. When this is done, a bell rings and he starts out to visit his different rooms. This usually takes the rest of the morning, on account of being sent to the Chemistry laboratory for English, and Senior English for Latin. He also visits the other parts of the building in an attempt to find his History room. After many trials and tribulations, he returns to his classroom with a list of books about a mile long (apparently), and a list of dire punishments if the books are "not obtained before Wednesday." He is then told to return in the afternoon, and he goes homeward in great glee. In the afternoon the program is gone over again and he is dismissed for the day, not knowing whether he liked it or not.

The Freshmen, being ignorant, make laughable mistakes. The commonest delusion seems to be that Dr. Thompson is a sort of information bureau. Most of the others are quite natural and can readily be excused when the extreme youth of the class is taken into consideration.

On September first, the Infant class held its first official meeting in order to elect officers. Weston Volberg was elected President; Dorothy Davis, Vice-President, and Emil Di Vecchio, Secretary and Treasurer. The meeting was then adjourned.

The total number in the present class is one hundred and

six. Although this does not break any records for number, we hope to break some records in scholarship and also in athletics.

On October twenty-fifth, the class held another meeting. This was really not a class meeting, as only Miss Du Bois' class was allowed to attend. The object of the meeting was to organize a picnic to Goat Island. The next day we found that Dr. Thompson forbade us to go, because the Low Sophomore class had already been there this term. We then settled on Golden Gate Park, when we discovered that our date was also that of the Reno game. As none of the other Saturdays could be used for one reason or another, we had to postpone the picnic till next term, when we hope we will have more success.

Vera De Lachmutt

Social

Hello! Hello! Central. Give me 102. Hello! Is this you? All right, I will tell you about the things that have happened. This was given last term. Yes, fine! Miss Faith Speddy, joined by Miss Vaughan and Miss Dennison, gave one of the brilliant dances of the season, at the beautiful home of Miss Speddy at the foot of Cedar street.

The low arbors were dotted here and there with Japanese lanterns, and the large grounds of the ideal home were filled with merry groups. The participants of the evening included a number of High School students. It certainly was great!

Well—the school dance. Did you ever have such a dandy time? The dance was held at Adelphian Hall on August the eighth. Decorations? Yes. Besides the school colors, which were artistically placed about the hall, a large football hung from above, in the center of the stage, with a white Alameda A on it, proving most effective.

Dr. Thompson and several of the faculty attended. Frank Pollard, acting as manager, did all in his power to make the dance a success.

Hello! Hello! Can you hear me? I want to tell you about the Freshman reception. The upper class girls gave a reception, as they do each term, to the entering girls. This term the reception was given at the Adelphian Hall. Miss Vaughan, manager, secured a program which was most delightful and enjoyed by all those present. The affair was held after school hours and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in dancing, and the girls, I am sure, succeeded in welcoming the Freshmen and making them feel as if they belonged to us.

Oh! Central, do not cut us off. Hello! I haven't told you about Helen Neal, who made a very charming hostess, at a dance given at her home on Sherman street on Friday night, September 14th. The affair was informal, about ten couples being asked. All enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

A hayride was enjoyed by about twenty-four young people on Saturday, September 9th.

Miss Constance Van Brunt and Miss Gisela Haslett, who left Monday, September 25th, for Santa Barbara, where they will attend Miss Gamble's school, were extensively entertained preceding their departure. On Saturday, September 23rd, Miss Beatrice Cummings presided at a very pretty luncheon for which she asked about a dozen of the younger set.

Miss Dorothy Warren, Miss Lorraine Jordan and Miss Amy Whitney all entertained at sewing bees.

Edwin Anthony entertained at a dinner party on the evening of September 23rd for Miss Van Brunt.

A dance, in compliment to the two girls, was given by a group of young men, on Saturday evening, September 23rd, at the well known Eschen home. Everyone had a splendid time. The guest list included the Misses Helen Sargent, Dorothy Soule, Florence Watson, Mildred Mallon, Dora Howe,

Beatrice Cummings, Gisela Haslett, Dorothy Warren, Ruth Howe, Dorothy Baum, Lorraine Jordan, Anna Dodge, Martha Watson, Helen Neal, Hanalla Moore, Vera Benton, Maryly Krusi, Hazel Tietzen, Constance Van Brunt, Ruth Baehr, Ruth Sage, Veida Wood, Bernice D'Evelyn, Jean Miller, Katherine Geldermann, Hildegarde Van Brunt, Marion Murphy, Amy Walden and Amy Whitney; Messrs. Mallon, O'Connor, Ed. Bates, Cortelyou, Sherrard, Ruddell, Pearson, Culver, Plummer, Haight, Taylor, Slocumb, Thomas, Chester and Henry Eschen, Krusi, Sanford, Durney, D'Evelyn, Eimer, Willkomm, Frick, Hall, Adams, Lemcke, Levkowicz, Terry, Smith, Howe, Murphy and Anthony.

The Misses Edna and Alice Wright entertained at their home on Chestnut street on August 9th. Dancing was the program for the evening, after which the guests partook of a dainty repast.

Both Miss Helen Neal and Miss Faith Speddy entertained several young people who were together at Guernwood Park this summer.

Miss Alva Cornelius entertained a large number of her friends at her beautiful home on Grand street. The evening was passed most delightfully by the young people, dancing and other amusements being enjoyed.

Miss Leslie Brown entertained a large number of her friends at a delightful dance on Friday evening, October 5th. It was given at her beautiful home on Dayton avenue, which was artistically decorated for the event. Tables were set in the garden, which was lighted by Japanese lanterns, and the guests partook of a dainty supper. Besides a number of the younger set, Miss Brown included a few friends from out of town in her list of guests.

Miss Frances Coffin gave a hard times party at her home on Encinal avenue. About eight couples were present, all dressed in original and striking costumes. The home was artistically decorated, the scheme being symbolic of hard times.

Miss Addie Combs was hostess at a Hallowe'en party. The decorations and games were suggestive of the night.

About four couples were the guests of Geo. Mastick at a very pleasant house party during the mid-term vacation.

Hello! Yes! But you should have seen the preparations that were going on prior to the arrival of the Reno boys. When the day came, on which they were to arrive, Friday, November 2nd, they were met in Oakland by several machines and brought to the High School, where they were entertained at a luncheon.

A dance, on Saturday evening, November 6th, at Adelphian Hall, in compliment to the Reno team, was one of the pleasant affairs arranged by the local high school boys.

The decorations were in the Reno colors. Red and blue streamers were hung from electric lights, in the hall, and arranged as a screen for the musicians on the stage, in the center of which was the word Reno in red and blue lights.

Japanese lanterns hanging from the trees marked the entrance to "The Sign of the Acorn," across from the hall, where punch and ices were served. Ed Seagrave, who acted as manager, did a great deal toward making the dance a success. Several members of the faculty attended.

Miss Dorothy Hiller entertained a group of girls at a sewing bee on November 1st.

Miss Carol Tripp entertained a number of guests at her home on Weber street, at a very delightful evening. The affair was informal.

Miss Doris Haslett was hostess at a house dance given at her home on Clinton avenue. A large number of young people attended and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed in dancing. Delicious refreshments were served.

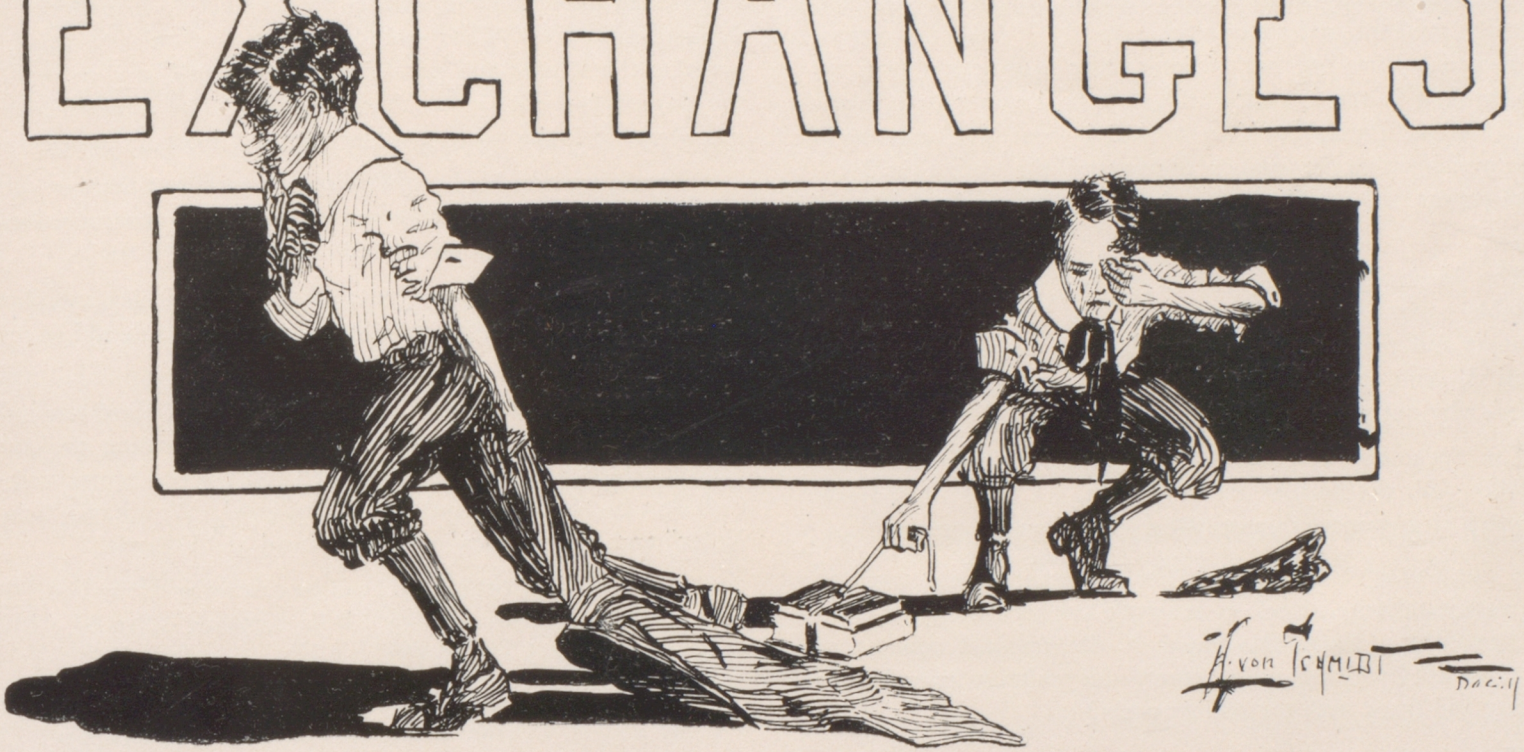
A number of young girls have visited the High School during the last month. Miss Phyllis Rosenberg, a former student, spent an afternoon with Miss Helen Willkomm. Among the others who have been up at school are Miss Ida Lewis and Miss Grace Burlant, the latter spending a delightful afternoon as a guest of Miss Beatrice Cummings.

Preparations are being made for several dances to be given in the near future.

On December 8th, the High Junior Class will give a dance at Adelphian Hall. I hope you will attend this dance as everyone expects to enjoy themselves.

Don't you think we have had a jolly time this term? We really have been using the phone long enough so we had better say good-by before Central cuts us off.

EXCHANGES.



Exchanges

A fault which seems common to many High School publications is the lack of personal joshes. These are certainly interesting to the students and show school spirit. It has been argued that personal jokes are not of interest to outsiders. Now we don't think it is the intention of any school paper to compete with "Life" or "Puck;" so, if an outsider is in need of amusement and complains that he cannot understand the joshes in High School papers, we would suggest that he be referred to either of these.

The *Madrono,* Palo Alto, Cal. (Senior number) is a very creditable paper. It is well arranged, the headings of the departments and the jokes being unusually good, but there are so few cuts! You speak of the good work done by your drawing classes—why not show some of it?

The *Spectator,* Cloverdale, Cal. (June '11) compares very favorably with the smaller school papers. A table of contents and better arrangement of material would be an improvement.

The *Far Darter,* Saint Helena, Cal. (commencement number) has a very handsome cover. It is simple and well designed. An interesting thing about this paper is the unusual amount of poetry, some of which is quite clever. Haven't you mixed some debating and track with the society news?

The splendid cover, numerous and clever cuts, good articles and fine arrangement of material, make the *Cogswell,* from San Francisco, Cal., one of our most interesting exchanges.

The *Key,* Battle Creek, Mich. (April) is a very interesting bright little paper, although the cover does not do it justice. The department called "Correspondence" is unusual and good, as are also the stories and editorials. One would say, in reading the paper, that the school had "spirit." The advertisements mixed up with the reading matter detract from its appearance.

The *Sycamore,* Modesto, Cal. (commencement number) is an excellent paper. The articles are good and the general make-up leaves but one thing to be desired—*more cuts.*

The *Oak,* Visalia, Cal. (June, '11) has good joshes and photographs. The cover needs improvement and there should be more stories.

The *Echo,* Lincoln, Cal., is a new paper and, if we can judge by the first number, promises to be a very interesting exchange. Lincoln High School has a band of twenty-seven pieces and an orchestra besides. We call that pretty good. You have "School Notes" and "Exchanges" under the head of "Editorial."

The *Sequoia,* Eureka, Cal., can be classed with the best High School papers in the country. It is certainly splendid. Little more could be said.

The Tiger from San Francisco (April) certainly has jokes that are a relief to read after those in some of the papers. The headings and tailpieces of the departments are good, but there should be more cuts. Otherwise it is an all-around fine paper, which is saying a good deal.

Here are a few suggestions for the *Russ,* San Diego (March). A fly-leaf, better grade of paper, headings for departments and more cuts. The stories are of value, and also the idea of a prize contest for school yells and songs.

The Potpourri, Auburn, Cal., has a good-looking cover, a strong literary department, exceedingly good photographs of the different teams, and contains the all-essential original jokes, but of course one could not expect less from an annual.

One thing may be said about the *Caduceus,* Chico, Cal., which applies to other papers. What earthly use is a table of contents without the page numbers? The cuts and athletic pictures are good. Has not your book a rather clumsy shape?

The Blue and White, Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, needs cuts to make it more interesting and up to date. There is an unusual amount and grade of material in the literary department. Judging by the paper, your school certainly has "spirit."

The Tokay, from Lodi, Cal., has an attractive cover and plenty of good material, but the cuts are crude. Poetry seems to be the main forte of the Lodi students.

The best thing that could be said of the October *Olla Podrida,* from Berkeley, is that, although a monthly, it ranks with the best among all our exchanges. It is a wide-awake up-to-date, paper.

The 1911 Commencement number of *The Owl,* from Fresno, is one of the best examples to be found in the country, of what a high school book should be. It must come from a school where everything is as it ought to be. What a delight to read a paper that radiates from every department that intangible and seldom found thing—called "School Spirit."

The *Girls High Journal,* San Francisco, June 1911, is a beautifully gotten up, well arranged paper. The material is all very good, the literary department especially so. The jokes might be kept together instead of being scattered through the book.

We acknowledge with thanks the following papers, which space prevented us from criticizing:

The Vexillum, Boston, Mass.
The Coconut, Manila High School.
The Target, Berkeley, Cal.
Tolo, Seattle, Washington.
The Distaff, Boston, Mass.
The Oak, Berkeley, Cal.
The Chaparral, Stanford University.
The Pelican, University of California.
The Daily Californian, University of California.

CRITICISMS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE ACORN FROM OTHER PAPERS.

The lack of a table of contents detracts considerably from the value of your paper. You have an editorial under the title of "Exchanges."—The *Cogswell,* San Francisco.

Your commencement number is fine. Your paper would be more attractive, however, if the covers, both inside and out, were free from advertisements. — The *Spectator,* Cloverdale High School.

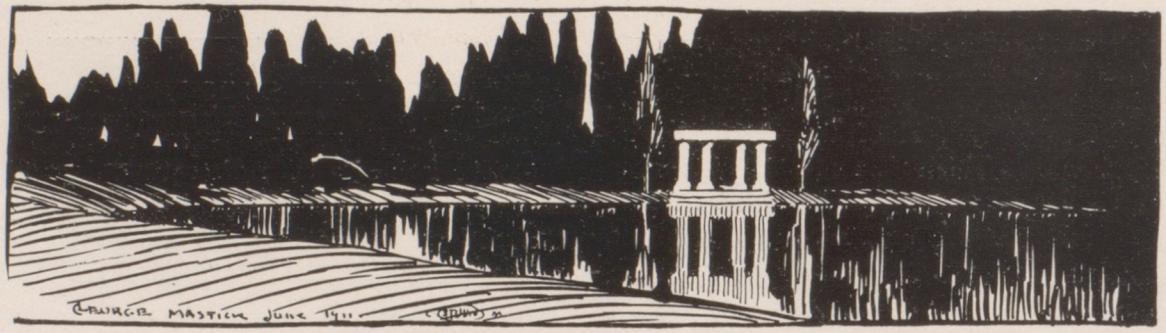
The November and December numbers of THE ACORN form a good example of a wide-awake High School monthly. The material is interesting, and the cuts are neat and well executed. The "Exchange" cuts and caricatures of student actors are especially clever. The only adverse criticism we can offer is against placing those overbearing ads in the front and on the outside cover. This is a blemish to an otherwise faultless edition.

THE ACORN from Alameda is original and neatly arranged, with excellent cuts, but I don't think the stories should mingle with the ads.—The *Tiger*, Lick High School, San Francisco.

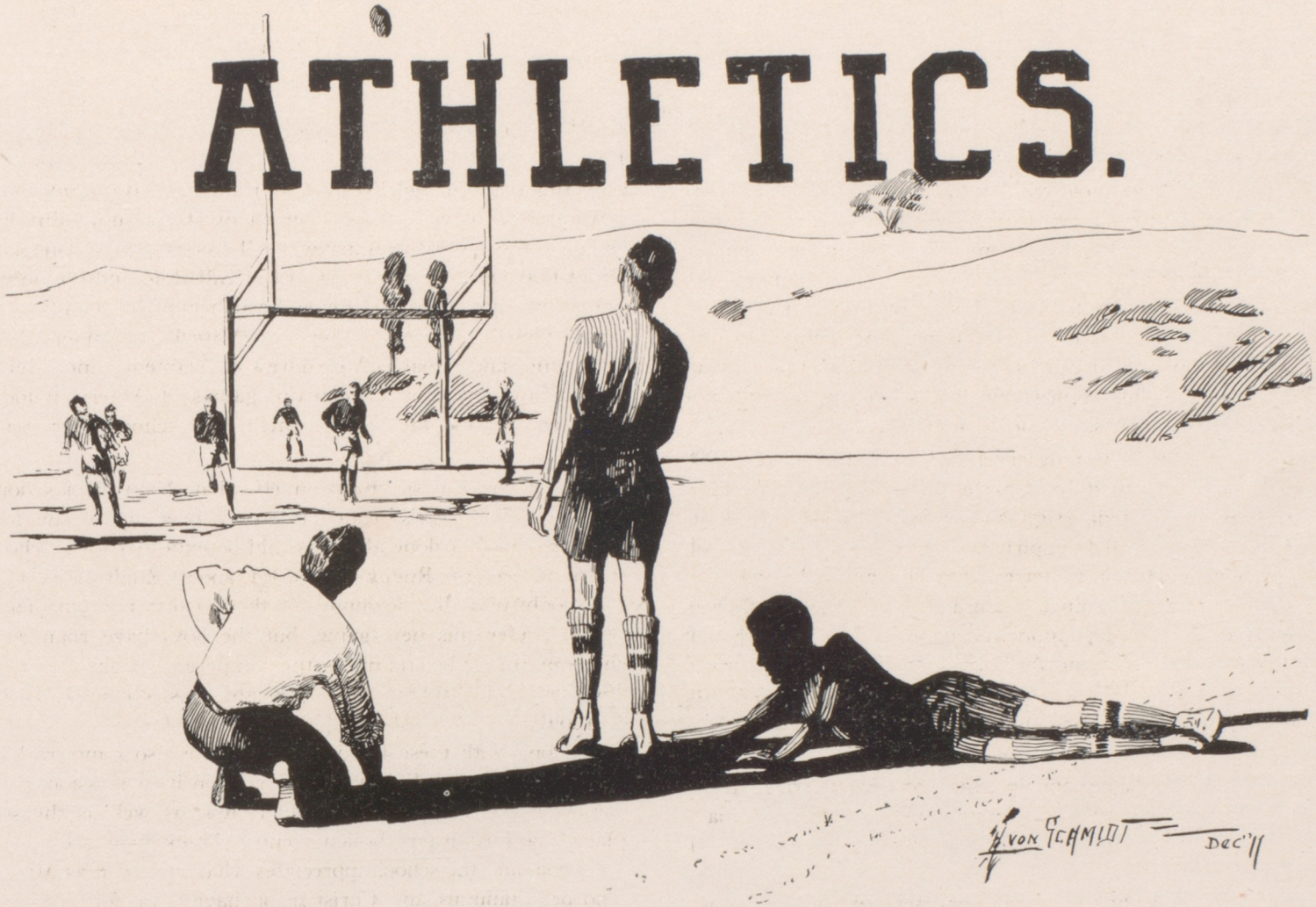
You have a neat little book and the departments are well arranged. A little more space might be devoted to your exchanges.—*Caduceus*, Chico High School.

We are glad to find THE ACORN from Alameda among our exchanges. The cuts are clear and well drawn. We think that a criticism for each paper would be a greater help than your present method. The stories are good. An improvement might be made in the arrangement.—*Tokay*, Lodi High School.

Don't you think that the covers should be free from ads? You have an excellent paper, especially your cuts.—*Potpourri*, Auburn, Cal.



ATHLETICS.



Athletics

It has often been said, that it has taken Alameda High School its whole thirty-three years of existence, to develop the athletic reputation which it now enjoys. It seems appropriate that we should go back a few years and recall to memory, the fellows who have served to make this reputation. It is surely of interest to all, to see that probably no other school around the bay, can point to such an array of championships won in so short a time. This record, which has been made, will not quickly be broken unless we do it ourselves.

The team which first deserves our attention, is the 1908 football team, captained by Charles Kiser, and coached by "Pete" Smith. Alameda High had at last turned out a football team worthy of all the spirit and ambitions of the school. A few statistics will show better than anything, the value of this team. The total number of points scored by Alameda was two hundred, against our opponents' eleven. Five of these men made the A. A. L. team and the school got the A. A. L. cup.

To continue with football, in the fall of 1909 with a big bunch of veterans, the Alameda High team, under Emil Bruzzone, and coached by Ralph Marx and Dave McAndrews, again won the A. A. L. championship, this time from Frisco Polytechnic. A great deal of credit for this team was due to Coach McAndrews, a man under whom no fellow could play football and not work his hardest.

It is hard to realize all these victories, but they are ours, and they were capped by a football team that I think everyone will agree was the best academic team in the State. In 1910 this team played Fresno High for the State championship, scoring a decisive victory over them at Fresno. But better than all this, was the journey to Belmont. Everyone knows about that day. You have heard of Bill Reid and undoubtedly know that his team had never been beaten by a prep school, and Alameda proved to be his Waterloo. Under Captain Bruzzone and Coach McAndrews, Alameda and Belmont played one of the most beautiful games of American football ever seen around the bay in which high schools were participants.

Now you can see for yourself what Alameda has done in football. This year's team has surely lived up to the former standard and has done all that could be expected for a school on its first year of Rugby. A word about Rugby. Every one was doubtful at the beginning of the season as to whether they would prefer this new game, but the boys have rounded into shape in fine style, and under the competent coaching of Harold Fletcher and Captain Howe, Rugby has obtained a strong foothold.

Along with these football teams came also some track men. In 1909, Alameda High had three cups in its possession, namely, the A. A. L. baseball and football cups, as well as the second place Stanford interscholastic cup. Track men are scarce in Alameda, and the school appreciates what such men as Macauley, Thorpe, Cummins and Christianson have done for it.

Baseball, the national game. Well, Alameda has turned out some ball teams worthy of any high school. In 1909, Alameda's

star year, they succeeded in annexing the A. A. L. cup from Cogswell School under Coach Russell and Frank Gay. "Oscar" Mackie pitched a steady game all through the season and Alameda lost few games.

In 1907 Alameda's first burst of speed came, when the baseball team started the ball a-rolling by taking the A. A. L. cup from Wilmerding after a brilliant record for the season. To them is due all consideration, for they are the boys who started Alameda's winning streak, and they did it by the coaching of a fellow who is well known to all Alameda fans, "Red" Baker, with Lloyd Burton as captain.

The 1911 baseball team ended Alameda's run of athletics so far as championships are concerned. Though the boys were defeated by Berkeley High, the stumbling block was entirely overcome by the team, for this was the only game they lost, and since Berkeley refused a return game, when Beach was in his prime, the team think they are entitled to no little attention. The school recognized this by awarding them their block letters. This team was ably coached by "Terry" McKune, a Coast Leaguer, and captained by Ed Seagrave.

Four Star A.—these words are by no means unknown to Alameda High School. There are seven fellows who have served this school for four successful years in athletics, and deserved mention is given here of these fellows who have attained every honor in preparatory athletics. The first man to get this honor was Byron Paul, and after him came Macauley, Kiser, E. Bruzzone, Anthony, Murphy and Ed Seagrave.

In conclusion, it might be well to say that we hope this reputation which has been gained by the school will be kept for a long time and that future generations will not be forced to say, "Those were the days when Alameda High was in its prime."

A

The Team

Front Rankers
SLOCUMB, CLAPP

Lock
FRICK

Side Rankers
PEARSON, TILDEN

Rear Rankers
POLLARD, BAUM

Wing
SEAGRAVE

Half Back
VON SCHMIDT

First Five-Eighths
BRUZZONE

Second Five-Eighths
HOWE

Center Three-Quarters
GAY

Wing Three-Quarters
BEACH, HARDIN

Full
LARKIN

SUBSTITUTES

Forwards
SHARPSTEIN
BREWER, AITON
HARLAN, PEARSON

Backs
CULVER
PAUL
MEYERS

Games

Berkeley 18, Alameda 0.

This was Alameda's first attempt at Rugby. Considering that Berkeley outweighed us, and have played the game for two years, we may be justly proud of our showing. The team showed plenty of fight and speed, especially in the first half, which ended 6 to 0 in favor of Berkeley. The veterans, Bill Howe, Bruzzone, Earle Gay and "Shy" Seagrave, showed that they were just as much at home at Rugby as in the American game. Many new football aspirants were in the line-up. Among them, Von Schmidt, Croll and Larkin showed up exceptionally well.

Alameda 23, Lowell 0.

Alameda proved, to the surprise of many, that it still had a high-class football team by overwhelming Lowell High. As Lowell has been prominent in the Rugby world during the last couple of years, Alameda should be proud of the easy manner in which they disposed of the San Francisco team.

Captain "Bill" Howe was the star of the game. He seemed to slip at will through the Lowellites. Twice he ran half the field and deposited the ball between the goal-posts. Bruzzone also played an excellent game. Von Schmidt, Gay, Croll and Larkin also proved that much is to be expected of

them in games to come. The scrum showed a big improvement over the Berkeley game.

Alameda 0, Fremont 6.

Alameda met defeat in a practice game with Fremont at Lincoln Park. The game was full of many fast and snappy plays. A great game is expected when these two teams meet again.

Alameda 9, Cogswell 4.

Alameda won its first league game from Cogswell Polytechnic of San Francisco. The game was exciting from start to finish and was featured by many pretty plays by both teams. Cogswell could not stop the rush of our speedy backs. When the first half ended Alameda had made three trys. Hardin, Bruzzone and Captain Howe each deposited the ball over the line.

Alameda—Forwards: Pollard, Tilden, Sharpstein, Clapp, Seagrave, Frick, Baum, Pearson, Slocumb, Brewer, Stone and Aiton. Backs: Gay, Capt. Howe, Bruzzone, Larkin, Von Schmidt, Beach and Hardin.

Cogswell—Long, Wilmuth, Rober, Murry, Seawell, Glasson, Bennis, Murry, Alexander, Shirley, Doyle, Upchurch, Michael, Colby, Lyons and Obitz.

Alameda 8, Oakland Poly. 0.

Alameda proved too fast for the Oakland Polytechnic team. The game was played on the slow Recreation Grounds. The feature of the game was the playing of the forwards. They showed a vast improvement over the past games. Larkin kicked off, and after some fierce fighting Beach crossed the line for the first try. Bruzzone converted. A few minutes later Captain Howe crossed the line for another try. The second half was a battle between the forwards. Again and again, Poly was only a few feet from our goal line. Again and again our forwards fought themselves out of danger.

Alameda 8, Palo Alto 3.

That Alameda was to be heard from, was certainly proved on October 7th when they went to Palo Alto to play Palo Alto High on Stanford field. Last year's academic champions and this year's victors over the Stanford Freshmen, were our victims. The victory was a surprise to the followers of Rugby and proved Alameda was far from being out of the race. The game was marked by fierce fighting and long runs.

Larkin kicked off for Alameda and followed the ball up with a rush. Palo Alto heeled the ball out on their five-yard line, but a minute later Alameda sent Beach over for a try. Captain Howe failed to convert. Then Palo Alto brought the bleacherites to their feet. Davison broke loose and ran seventy-five yards for a try. O'Laine did not convert. The first half found the score 3 to 3. Warned by Coach Fletcher to expect a strong come-back in the second half, Alameda went in again with lots of ginger. "Ming" Bruzzone was the shining light in this half. He broke loose and dashed fifty yards for the winning try. A few seconds later, he converted his own try, making the score 8 to 3. Our entire team played great ball and much credit is due Coach Fletcher.

Alameda 3, Berkeley 14.

After a strenuous battle against the Berkeley High fifteen, the Alameda High Rugby team suffered its first important defeat. The game was a hard-fought one from beginning to end.

With the score eleven to nothing against them, Alameda entered the second half with plenty of fight. Only one try was made by Berkeley during this half. Captain Bill Howe

came into the limelight by playing a pretty drop kick over Berkeley's goal. Although outweighed and handicapped by a muddy field, Alameda was in the game every minute. When the whistle blew, Alameda was only a few feet from Berkeley's goal. The game ended 14 to 3.

Alamedas—Clapp, Sharpstein, Tilden, Frick, Pearson, Baum, Pollard, Seagrave, Bruzzone, Gay, Von Schmidt, Capt. Howe, Hardin, Larkin and Beach.

Alameda 22, Reno 0.

The much-vaunted Reno team met an ignominious defeat October 21st at the hands of Alameda, at the University of Nevada Stadium. The score was twenty-two to nothing. Reno was out-generaled in every department of the game. In fact, many of the Renoites proclaimed our team would give the University of Nevada a hard fight.

Alameda, twenty strong, invaded Reno, Friday, and from the moment they stepped off the train until they departed, the Reno boys entertained them royally. Saturday night, Reno overcame the gloom of defeat and made the Alameda team the guests of a dance which will linger in their memory for many days to come. In fact, many of our warriors found the Reno fair sex very charming, and when the eve of departure came it was a sad-looking bunch that bid farewell to Reno.

Now about the game. Alameda started off with a fine burst of speed and soon discovered that the Reno fifteen had nothing on them. A couple of trys were scored and converted and before long the score stood twenty-two to nothing. From the score, one would think Alameda had an easy time of it. But, in justice to the Reno team, it must be said that the score by no means indicates the game they put up. Several times they were within the shadow of Alameda's goal, and failed to cross on account of the fine work of Alameda's forward. One of these instances, however, developed into a sensational run of seventy-five yards. Andrew Hardin was the hero. Beach also was in the limelight. He was responsible for two of Alameda's trys. Captain Howe, Bruzzone, Gay and Larkin were also up to form.

Reno—Forwards: Boyne, McCubbin, Harvy, Layman, Cafferata, Burke, Raines, Francovitch. Backs: Conway, Burke, McKinley, Savega, Glass, Jones, Littlejohn.

Alameda—Forwards: Clapp, Pearson, Tilden, Baum, Frick, Pollard, Slocumb, Sharpstein. Backs: Seagrave, Gay, Von Schmidt, Bruzzone, Captain Bill Howe, Hardin, Beach, Larkin.

Alameda 5, Fremont 0.

In one of the most thrilling gridiron battles ever seen at Recreation Park, the Alameda Rugby team humiliated their old rival, Fremont High, five to nothing. Fremont entered the game with much confidence in the ability of their forwards, but the Alameda forwards developed surprising strength. Time after time they got the ball out of the scrum into Von Schmidt's waiting hands. The entire game was hard fought throughout and was marked by brilliant defensive work on the part of the Alameda warriors.

Alameda took the aggressive at the beginning and before the first half had progressed very far, "Cannon" Beach dashed over the line for the only "try" of the game. Captain Howe converted. During the remainder of the half neither of the goals were in danger, except when Pollard broke away with only two opposing men between him and the goal line. The Fremont fullback downed him, and a few second later the first half ended.

In the second half Fremont kicked off and rushed the ball to Alameda's five-yard line, but the brilliant defense put up by the Alameda backs kept them from scoring. Captain Howe received the ball and made a pretty cross kick to "touch." The ball was soon in the middle of the field again. Only once after this was the Alameda goal in danger. That was when Fremont was allowed a penalty kick. This also failed, for the remainder of the half Alameda was clearly outplaying Fremont. Seagrave crossed the line in the last minute of the second half, but on account of an off-side play the goal was not allowed and a "scrum" was called on the five-yard line. Again Alameda made a rush toward the goal line, but Fremont fought back until the whistle blew. Thus ended one of the most important games of the season. Although it was clearly a battle of "Forwards," the Alameda back-field was by no means idle. Their passing was flawless and their defense wonderful.

Alameda 3, Reno 0.

Before one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences of rooters ever assembled in Alameda, the local team defeated Reno High for the second time this season.

The Reno boys invaded Alameda Friday morning, determined to make Alameda fight for every inch of ground. And fight they did, as the score shows. They held Alameda to a tie score during the first half, and when Alameda entered the second half they realized that the game wasn't going to be a walk-over by any means. It was not until the last ten minutes that Alameda crossed the Reno line. Captain Howe was the man to come to the rescue. A few seconds later he failed to convert a difficult goal. During the remainder of the half, Alameda was frequently in the shadow of the Reno goal. Only the splendid fighting of the visitors prevented the Alamedans from increasing the score.

Captain Bill Howe was clearly the star of the game. Bruzzone's fine kicking was also a feature In the forwards, Tilden, Pollard, Pearson and Slocumb were continually in the front. The latter, being a member of the second squad, showed plainly that he must be considered when the line-up for the Belmont game is decided upon.

Alameda 0, Belmont 0.

The California-Stanford game was not the only game of Rugby that took place Saturday, November the 11th. On the Belmont field Alameda and Belmont fought two thirty-minute halves of the finest Rugby imaginable. Neither team was able to cross the other's goal line.

Alameda, the year previous, had won the honor of being the first high school team to defeat "Bill" Reid's wonderful football machines. This year both Alameda and Belmont forsook the American game for Rugby. The two teams were natural rivals and arranged their schedules so that this game would be the last and big struggle of the season.

The football fifteen was not all that invaded Belmont that morning. A large delegation of Alameda rooters accompanied them to the rival battlefield. Like the year before, these rooters were not content in traveling in the local cars. They had a special car to themselves. The spirit shown was worthy of any high school.

At 10:30 the two rival teams took their places on the field. Belmont kicked off. Bruzzone returned the kick and the Alameda forwards were on the ball immediately. Not once during the remainder of the first half did the Belmont warriors succeed in getting the ball across the center-line into Alameda's

territory. But luck broke against the Alameda team. The half ended without a score.

In the second half, it was Belmont's turn to become dangerous. They rushed the ball to Alameda's five-yard line, but they found Alameda's defense impregnable. Here Tilden figured in a dribbling rush, and the ball was soon in the middle of the field. A few minutes later, Alameda was in the shadow of Belmont's goal-posts. Pollard crossed the line, but, on account of a forward pass, a scrum was called on the five-yard line. Belmont succeeded in kicking out of danger. A few seconds later the game ended.

Although the score ended a tie, there is little doubt that the Alameda Rugbyites had the shade the better of the game.

Once more Captain William Howe showed his Rugby ability. The Alameda captain reached his best form of the year on the day he was most needed. He possessed all the alertness, the dash and the speed that a natural Rugby player should have. His kicks to "touch" were faultless.

As usual, Bruzzone was a stone wall in defense. He was more effective than usual in attack and his kicking was noticeable all through the game.

Von Schmidt had lots of passing to do, as the Alameda forwards got the ball out oftener than their opponents, and he handled his chances cleanly.

Earl Gay, Beach and Hardin also figured prominently.

Larkin's game at fullback was a revelation to watch. Time and time again his trusty boot netted long gains.

To pick out the stars in the forward rank would be a hard task. Every man played a snappy and aggressive game. Although the forwards were not as much in evidence as the backs, they deserve as much credit. They dribbled well, handled the ball well, and were on the opposing backs like a flash when the ball went Belmont's way.

"Shy" Seagrave finished his high school football career with an exhibition of play that would be hard to criticize.

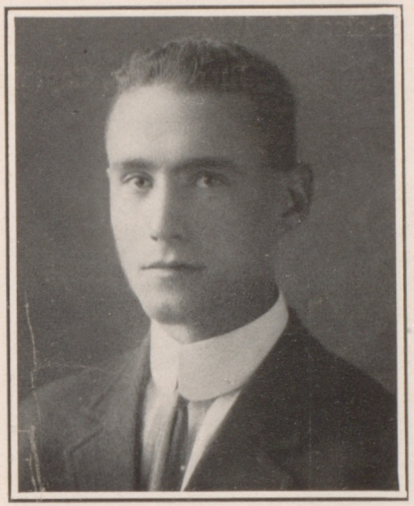
Last, but not least, comes Coach Fletcher of the University of Nevada. To him, the showing of the Alameda Rugby team is due. It is to him that we owe our praise and we thank him for placing the Alameda High School football where it is.

CAPTAIN HOWE.

Captain Howe entered Alameda High in 1908, and since then has taken a leading part in school activities. He was first heard of in 1910, when he distinguished himself at left end, on the team which won the State championship. He served as secretary of the student body last term. Howe played a most versatile game against Belmont and his election to the captaincy, was a logical and well-earned triumph.

As captain of Alameda's Rugby team, "Bill" has played second five-eighths and he has been responsible for many of the runs, which have resulted in scores, as well as being a competent leader. This is the first year that Howe has appeared in the new game and he has rapidly shown his ability to gain ground for his team.

In December, 1910, James Mackie was elected to lead the yellow and white team, but on his having left school, the squad turned to Howe and elected him captain and he has undoubtedly shown himself worthy of the trust.



COACH FLETCHER.

Harold Fletcher, Alameda's coach, hales from Reno. He has come to attend the University of California and incidentally Alameda secured his services as coach. He is a born Rugby player, and those of you who saw the Olympics play the Varsity, know that he is a clever player.

His first knowledge of athletics was obtained while in attendance at Reno High. He attended the University of Nevada for three years and has played a star game at full, being selected for Captain of the Nevada Varsity in his last year.

"Fletch," as he is called by the boys, during his stay in Alameda has gained the utmost respect of faculty and students. He has taught the team how to fight and fight hard, and has at all times called forth a clean game. He has taken a bunch of practically raw material and rounded it into one of the best teams in the bay cities.

1912 Outlook

The football season opened at Alameda this year under the most adverse circumstances, there being but few veterans in school, and these the residue of a badly defeated Rugby team. But surely, if slowly, this season has developed into an encouraging one. Under the able coaching of Harold Fletcher, one of the best coaches Alameda ever had or will have, there has been driven into the players a knowledge of Rugby. The spirit of the team has been excellent, they have worked hard, and have worked together.

Although the season has been a hard one, in respect to learning the new game, it has been a pleasure to be under the tutelage of such a man.

As for the next season, practically the same men will represent Alameda on the Rugby field. Here's luck and success to the captain-elect of 1912.

BILL HOWE, Captain, 1911.

MANAGER MURPHY.

"Murph," as he is known, has managed the Alameda pack to perfection. Alameda has not been wanting for lack of games and Murphy has been the one who obtained the schedule under which Alameda played. He is a Senior and has played four years with the baseball team.

YELL LEADER ADAMS.

Harry Adams, who has led the Alameda rooting sections for two terms, has been one of the best men for the position Alameda has ever had. Adams has worked hard for the school and deserves credit for the way he has led the yells, for Alameda spirit has not always been manifested in its yelling.

Swimming

Swimming, as an interscholastic sport, is not new in most high schools, nor in Alameda, as several attempts have been made to form a team, but none advanced very far. This year a call was issued for swimmers, and quite a few gathered in Mr. Minium's lecture room and elected Harold Jacobs captain, and Elmer Stone manager.

After a few turn-outs at Surf Beach, an interclass swimming meet was held. The results were encouraging and one record time was made, Jacobs swimming the fifty-yard dash in thirty flat. Harold Larkin, a Freshman, took two firsts in the two-twenty and four-forty. In spite of this the Juniors won the meet.

With training, Alameda should enter a strong team in the B. C. A. L. meet, as the facilities which surround Alameda would make it easily possible for the fellows to be in the water every day.

The interclass results were as follows:

50-yard dash—Jacobs, first; Townsend, second; Bailley, third.

100-yard dash—Jacobs, first; D'Evelyn, second; Stone, third.

220-yard dash—Larkin, first, D'Evelyn, second.

440-yard dash—Larkin, first; Stone, second; Wilburn, third.

BASEBALL.

Although fall baseball practice has not been very successful as far as actual victories were concerned, the team for next spring has been much benefited by the development of new material. The team journeyed over to Berkeley to play the California "varsity" four different times, and although not successful in defeating them, the trips afforded some good practice.

Football kept most of the players out of the game this fall, but on several occasions the veterans were seen to advantage in their respective positions. Murphy at shortstop played in his usual form and the loss of "Sweater's" smiling countenance next year will be greatly felt. Hollywood, a freshman, has been playing a steady game and should be a shining light in the infield for several years.

With "Cannon" Beach again on the mound, "Shy" Seagrave, "Young" Gay, Maguire, "Seventy-Six" Johns, Pollard and "Willyum" Brewer, of last year's team, 1912 should have a fine opportunity of winning the pennant.

Alameda, however, does not have to worry about material, as the grammar school teams each yield some good players.

Such players as Croll, Hollywood entering school, the loss of Sherrard, Murphy and Ed. Seagrave will not materially be felt.

Now that credit is being allowed for those participating in athletics, it is hoped that more of the fellows will turn out for baseball next spring.

The under-class men should realize that in any game in life the best man wins out in the end and that success comes only to those who seek and desire it.

Ed. T. Seagrave, 1911.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Basketball

Basketball has a brighter outlook this term than it has had for two years. The captain, manager and coaches are enthusiastic and cheerful, a very different frame of mind from that enjoyed by the same officers last year. To be sure, the number of girls who turn out is not very large. There are only about sixteen who turn out faithfully—just about enough for two teams—but when one realizes that last term the most that turned out to practice was five and that the average was three, the prospect seems encouraging.

The girls are renting the court in Central Hall and practice once a week. More progress might be made if they could play oftener, but at present this seems impossible. For the first two weeks the court was not in condition to play a game on, one of the baskets being down, but the girls overcame this hindrance by practicing passes and throws, becoming quite proficient. The girls play a swift game and there is not much fumbling. The passes are short, quick and clear. The windows were unprotected at that time also, and the thought that the ball might break the glass added excitement to the rather monotonous playing.

The two deficiencies have since been repaired and the girls have gotten down to real work. After two weeks, the girls showed such a marked improvement that the captain considered it advisable to form a first and second team.

During the third quarter, interest lagged. A good many of the girls neglected to appear regularly and so of course the standard of efficiency was lowered.

The spirit of the girls rose once more, after the third quarter's examinations, and the practicing is going on profitably again.

We are very fortunate in having some new girls with us this year—girls who have played on championship teams before entering here, and their coming has been a great addition to the team.

There has been a lack of enthusiasm and support given to the girls by the student body and the attitude of the students has been discouraging. The girls' basketball team has been considered either as a huge joke or as a foolish enterprise which must be tolerated. We have always had champion football and baseball teams and we are justly proud of them, but there is no reason why we should not have a champion basketball team. There are plenty of girls, so numbers can be no excuse. The day has passed when girls are barred from athletic contests. Alameda High has always been a leader, but in this matter she is far behind the times.

Next term is the regular basketball season and we would like to see more support given to the team. It is a worthy cause. Show your spirit, girls, turn out, yourself, and if it is impossible for you to *play*, give us your support and interest and see that your fellow classmates share that feeling with you.

Tennis seems to be a thing of the past. Why don't you interested girls plan for a tournament? Show the school you have grit and don't intend to give up because they neglect to notice you. If they realize you *intend to have* a school team, they will give you their support.

ROWING.

One of the clubs of Alameda High which has rousing good times and still derives a great deal of knowledge and benefit from its pastime is the K. W. T. Rowing Club.

The club was organized last fall, under the direction of Mr. Gutelaben, supervisor of play at Lincoln Park. There are eight girls who belong. They have their captain, first mate, secretary and boatswain, and have endeavored to learn various nautical terms and expressions, besides having a thoroughly good time.

The crew goes out weekly, spending about two hours on the water. The trips are made on the canal and are made intensely interesting by Mr. Gutelaben. He has taken much interest in the club, and has given the girls many interesting as well as instructive talks on sea animals and plant life, and many pleasant times have been spent in Castle Philani reviewing his extensive herbarium and natural history specimens.

Through the aid of the director and the kindness of Dr. Thompson, who has always encouraged outdoor sports for girls, the girls are obtaining credit for their rowing.

The girls are enthusiastic over the sport and always welcome the meeting day. Such interest should be encouraged. If the spirit of the students is excited in some other direction, it will probably result in a better display of school spirit in the future.

ADELAINE TOYE, '13.

ALUMNI
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT — DEC. '11

Alumni

Just a few words from a "long time" alumnus to the recent graduate and any "soon to be" who may read the ACORN.

Tall Oaks from Acorns is probably one of the mottoes which inspires the consecutive staffs of your paper to greater things each term.

A splendid organization from a little effort could be the result of the Alumni Association of the Alameda High if such effort were made on the part of every graduate.

Several years ago an attempt was made to form an Alumni Association. There were held some three or four meetings when the spirit of enthusiasm seemed quenched and a society so apparently well started died. Nothing was heard of it, not even a demand for dues.

A year or so ago the energy of the graduating class and perhaps its latest predecessor broke out in another call for an Alumni. A few meetings have been held and can we not hope to make this second effort a lasting association?

Do, I beg, use some of the energy you possess at this stage of the game in preserving an organization which will not only be worth while as a society but which will greatly help the High School.

We have already graduated many students and many of these same have become powers and successes in the world into which they stepped when the valedictory was read and the diplomas awarded in the Alameda High School.

Each term some go forth who would prove an inspiration to our society and who ought to be willing to lend their aid in establishing a lasting memorial to our school.

The nominal dues will permit each graduate to join and by such concerted effort a fine organization can be effected.

It rests with you who are just going forth because with their interests elsewhere, long directed away from their Alma Mater it will perhaps be hard to ever attract the attention of those so long ago graduates.

Send your present euthusiasm to build up an institution which will catch and hold the interest of at least every recent graduate and all of the future and so show appreciation of the A. H. S. and its efficiency as a school.

(Signed) MARY W. CHAPEL.

There was a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association of Alameda High School, on Tuesday evening, November 7th. Plans were discussed for inaugurating a Scholarship Fund, with the idea of being able to assist deserving students through the High School and in time through College. It is hoped that the students will co-operate with the Alumni Association in the early part of next semester, when the final plan will be discussed.

HAZEL HOLT, Secretary.

Alumni of A. H. S. at "California"

Five minutes to 8:00 Friday morning—and I was still eating breakfast. Four minutes to—and Marion Wilcox '15 and I scampered out of the Tri Delta House, down the hill, then past Prex's house, down the "forbidden path," over the bridge past the "Lib," landing at North! My, but that was some speed, and then to have five whole minutes to spare, for classes don't begin till seven minutes after the hour! I sauntered up the incline by North, pulled out my A. S. U. C. Card, and after a few strenuous moments managed to get near enough to the window to show my card to get a Cal. But there stood Ernest Brown '14 (enrolled in the College of Commerce, proudly displaying a Sigma Chi button) calmly giving out Daily Californians as fast as his hands could fly. Once in full possession of my Cal., I stepped aside to let Ruey Dexter '10, entering upon her second year of graduate work, get her Cal. It was just loads of fun getting out of that tangled mob, bowing here, there with a "hello" for each—even though one suffered the dislocation of a few ribs, to say nothing of hats and books. Here I espied Charles Dodge '14 (Phi Delta Theta) registered in the college of Mechanics, as are also Francis Maslin '12, Metcalf Simonson '12, Browning Dexter '12 and Spencer Mastick '13 (Phi Delta Theta). Just then I saw Bob Christy "bob" up, of the class of 1915 (Phi Delta Theta) also in the College of Mechanics. I hurried my steps a bit for I now had only two minutes to get to the third floor of North Hall. On the way I perused my Cal. The name of Leslie Bates '13 (College of Commerce) caught my eye, amongst a list of those who had been elected to membership in the Commerce Club. And there was an article where Will Gay, Delta Tau Delta, (College of Mechanics), was one of the thirteen Junior Neophytes of the Skull and Keys honor society, having been able to undergo the strain of carrying girls' books, while gayly clad in white trousers pulled up to the knees, displaying rather striking stockings, besides his plug and swallow-tail coat. Onother article caught my eye—that on the Treble Clef opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," in which Margaret Kenny '13 (Natural Science) is given the role of Amelia Thropp, while Phyllis Maguire '13 (Alpha Omicron Pi—Social Science), a former A. H. S. student was given the role of Kate Pemberton. My! but I was almost excluded from my class—for I slipped in just as the door closed.

The clock struck nine—it was a relief. En masse we stormed the door, soon mingling with the crowds upon the stairs. In passing I glanced at the rack to see if there were any notes for me—but alas! there were none, but I happened to see one for Ethel Murray, vice-president of the Sophomore Class. I went down North Hall steps, purchased an "Occident," the monthly literary magazine gotten out by the students, and just caught sight of Warren Thompson '14 (registered in the College of Commerce), Harold Knowles '12 (S. S.), Alpha Tau Omega, and Georgia Meredith '13 (S. S.), Alpha Omicron Pi. Breathless I arrived at the fatal "seven minutes after," but there was no professor, so I calmly perused my "Occident." Amongst the staff officers I found Mary de Witt '13 (S. S.), Alpha Omicron Pi, as assistant editor. As I glanced up I noticed that the class was preparing to leave and had to chuckle as the "prof" arrived on the last second of fifteen minutes past the hour. He was generous to us that day and besides, let us out early.

So back I came to dear old North Hall steps—where the girls congregate; never on the "boys'" steps, no thank you!

I met Marion Wilcox '15, Delta Delta Delta, (S. S.), and together we watched that interesting stream of college life as it flowed past us. In its midst we discerned Warren Sanford, a Phi Kappa Psi, Freshman, registered in the College of Commerce. Presently Monica Fores '15, student of Agriculture, bobbed up, then Alma Powell (S. S.), then Gladys Deming (S. S.), Sadie Older (N. S.) and Ruth Sherwood (S. S.), all of the class of 1915. From another direction came Mabel Hardin '14 (S. S.), Ethel Levy '14 (S. S.) and Helen Cornelius '14 (S. S.). So many were passing to and fro that we were fairly overwhelmed. From the Cal. office we caught sight of three Freshmen Pi Beta Phis, Helen Sergent, Lucy Altona and Vinnie Robinson, all registered in the College of Natural Science. From the "coop" passing that dreadful mob of men came Florence Copeland '15 (N. S.), Dorothy Clarke '14 (S. S.), Alpha Omicron Pi, and Wynne Meredith '13, N. S. (Alpha Omicron Pi), beautifully avoiding the snake which the fellows had let loose to scare whomsoever might come along. From the B. and G. office Harriet Figg '13 (S. S.) strolled forth, no doubt just having made her appointment to have her picture taken. Just then Maryly Krusi drove up in her automobile—with Caro Simonson '12 (N. S.) and Mildred Dodge '14 (S. S.), two Delta Gammas who are justly proud of their Sophomore sister who distinguished herself in "Paola and Francesca." By this time the crowds had thinned out and only here and there could one see a few stragglers. I made pretense of studying during that hour, but when the sun shines and the hills seem to beckon one into their midst, while college activities press one to a dozen or more things, I did fail to accomplish much in the line of study.

Shortly before eleven o'clock I sauntered down to Harmon Gym for University Meeting. The Junior and Senior Men's and Women's Sections were rapidly filling up. Amongst the prominent Senior girls was Dolores Bradley (N. S.), besides Eleanore French (S. S.), (Gamma Phi Beta), registered in College of Civil Engineering; George Browning (Theta Delta Chi), (College of Commerce); Henry Jackson (Phi Kappa Psi, also of College of Commerce); and Stanley Behnemen, a Civil Engineering student. Meredith Parker (S. S.), (Chi Phi), and Horace Woolley (in the department of Civil Engineering) were amongst the mobs of Juniors. Many were with the Junior women, some of whom were Ella Chaplin (S. S.), Gertrude Brown (N. S.), and Ethel Porter (S. S.), (Alpha Omicron Pi). After a hearty "All Hail," everyone madly dashed out—hungry as California bears, all of them. Here and there I saw a few more Alamedeans—Edward Margrave '13 (Civil Engineering), Dan Bronson '14 (N. S.), Carl Shattuck '14 (Agriculture), the clever hammer thrower; William Wieland '14 (S. S.), "Rosie" Woodin '14 (Civil Engineering), and Oscar Sommer '15 (College of Mechanics).

IRMA FOREAUX, '13,
Vice-President Junior Class.

ALAMEDA ALUMNI WHO ARE ATTENDING STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

Monte Haslett, '07—Economics Major; is a member of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, the Mandolin Club and of the Daily Palo Alto Staff. This summer he served as delegate to the Beta Convention at Niagara.

Roberta Haslett, '07—French Major; is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity.

Fred Johnson, '08—History Major; is a member of Beta Theta Pi. Mr. Johnson attended the University of California for his Junior year, but has returned to complete his course at Stanford.

Mrs. Frank Macomber (Adele Ehrenburg), '06—Graduated from Stanford in May 1911. Her marriage to Frank Macomber in August was an event of much interest, both to her Alameda and Stanford friends. She is a member of Alpha Omicron Pi and also of the Alpha Sigma, while he belongs to the Kappa Sigma and is a graduate of Stanford.

Robert Worthington, '08—Geology Major; is a member of the Skull and Snakes honor society, is serving on the Executive Committee of the Associated Students and is trying out for football this year.

James Edwin Higgins, '07—Pre Legal Major; expects to complete his course this December. He is a member of Kappa Sigma and also of the Phi Delta Phi Law Fraternity.

Neil Wilson, '08—Pre Legal Major—who spent his Junior year at Yale and made a brilliant record in scholarship, has returned to Stanford. He is a member of Delta Tau Delta and at present he is reporting College Notes to the San Francisco Examiner.

Homer Spence, '09—Pre Legal Major; is a member of the Chi Psi Fraternity and of the Daily Palo Alto Staff. Mr. Spence is trying out for Yell-Leader this semester.

Marjorie Haight, '10—History Major; is a member of Madrona Club.

Marjorie Emmons, '09—History Major; is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity and is also serving on the Junior Opera Committee.

Helen White (Stanford '11)—French Major; Member of Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity and also of the Phi Beta Kappa Honor Society.

Tim Perkins (Alameda '10)—Chemistry Major; is a member of the Encina Club and is out for track this fall.

Cornelia Bowers, who graduated in Dec. 1907, tells of her engagement to John W. Meredith of Auburn. After leaving Alameda High, Miss Bowers attended Normal School in San Francisco. She is now residing in Sacramento.

Margaret Bruton is attending the California Institute of Art.

Charles Medcraft is continuing his work this semester at the California Institute of Art.

Valerie Ansel, Claire Bartels and Ethel Sweeney, who graduated in Dec. 1910, are attending Normal School in San Francisco.

Lelia Letson has taken up Domestic Science at Lick School in San Francisco. Miss Letson graduated in June 1911.

Many Alameda people will be interested to know that Charles Kiser has finished a successful football career at the University of Oregon and will attend Cornell University shortly.

Dr. W. R. Bacon, who was a member of Alameda's first football team, attended the Belmont game.

Miss Cora Fieldhouse, who attended Alameda High about six years ago, has returned from the East. Miss Fieldhouse completed her studies there and is welcomed back to Alameda by many friends.

Edna Gifford of the class of June 1910, tells of her engagement to Wallace Giffin of Los Angeles.

May Bissell announces her engagement to Dr. Chaning Hall of Oakland. Miss Bissell graduated in June 1906.

The engagement of Caroline Hall and Alan Field, which was recently announced, is of much interest. Miss Hall and Mr. Field were students at Alameda High School; Mr. Field graduated with the class of June 1906.

LITERARY.

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT — DEC. '11

Bobby's Triumph

"What on earth is that awful noise up in Bobby's room?" exclaimed Bobby's sister, wheeling about on the piano stool.

"That," placidly remarked Bobby's mother, as she looked up from her magazine, "is Bobby learning to dance."

"Well, of all unheard things! Bobby learning to dance? What's the sad occasion of this, Mother? Is——" A heavy thud overhead followed by mutterings interrupted her question. "That was a chair. I'm going up and have some fun watching him."

"No, Helen, I would rather you'd not. I think Bobby would be sensitive about having anyone see him just now. Don't disturb him."

"But what's it all about, Mother? He has always scoffed at the idea of dancing before, and never would let me teach him. What has changed him so suddenly? From the noise, he certainly is making frantic efforts. Solve the riddle, Mother?"

"Well, dear, I know very little about it myself. It started last week when you were away by his joining that dancing class of Professor Somebody's on Green street. You know the one I mean——"

"Yes," laughed Helen. "'Strictly Proper and High Class Ball Dancing Taught in a few Lessons. Moderate Charges.'"

"Well," Bobby's mother resumed, "he went there all last week and has been going through this overhead performance daily. I assure you, Helen, he has kept that poor graphophone working overtime. To all my questions as to why and wherefore, he has given evasive answers, his chief one being 'that all the fellows know how to dance, and he thinks it's time he learned.'"

"Oh, that isn't any real reason where Bobby is concerned," said Helen. "You know that expression, Mother, 'cherchez la femme'? Well, that's what ails little Bobby. There's a girl in it somewhere without any doubt."

"A girl! My baby Bobby! Why, he's nothing but a child, Helen!" exclaimed Bobby's mother, thunderstruck by the idea that her little boy, her baby, as she still regarded him, could possibly be interested in girls. But that is always the way with mothers.

"But, Mother," protested Helen, "Bobby is fifteen, and going to High, and that is just when a boy begins to notice girls. Let me see—— Oh, I know! Mother, the deep secret is discovered. Sue told me the other day that the High School was going to give a dance to raise money to buy the boys new football suits. It's to be on, let me think—— Oh, yes, the twentieth—that's a week from to-day, Saturday. No wonder the graphophone's kept busy."

"But," wondered Bobby's mother, "the girl? Where does she come in?"

"Oh, you stupid little mother! The girl, the one particular girl is to be there, of course. Therefore, that——," and Helen pointed overhead from where the strains of "Beautiful Lady" descended, accompanied by much shuffling of feet.

Helen had hit upon the truth exactly. There was a girl, and she occupied a large place in all of Bobby's thoughts;

in fact, to the exclusion of everything else. Bobby's teachers all remarked how dull he had become. She was in three of his classes and one of his study periods and he spent his time in the other periods wishing she were there—so the lack of interest in mere lessons was not strange.

It would be useless to attempt to describe her as Bobby saw her. One couldn't do the subject justice. In reality, she was a pretty little pink and white flirt, who had a following of devoted slaves continually at her beck and call. It was as natural for her to flirt as to breathe. She did it quite unintentionally and impartially.

Bobby didn't know this, however. He imagined that the careless smiles and words which she occasionally threw his way were entirely for him. He treasured them fondly, never dreaming that there were hosts of other boys who received the same, often in even greater proportion.

Bobby worshiped her from afar, for he was the youngest of all her admirers, and was always being chaffed and tormented by the other boys on account of his tender age. "Baby Boy" they called him and "Babe." He resented this and the patronizing air with which they spoke to him, for the dignity of his fifteen years weighed heavily upon him.

When he heard at the student meeting that there was to be a dance, and later that she was to be there, he suffered acutely from the worst attack of the blues that his fifteen years had ever experienced. With all the scoffing and contempt of a real boy's boy for the gentle art of dancing, he had repeatedly refused to learn when Helen had offered to teach him. "What did he want to know how to dance for, anyway? That was all right for girls and sissy boys. He was going to play football and baseball and be an expert swimmer. Sis needn't think she was going to teach him to dance. No sirree!"

But it was different now. She danced, and furthermore, after the student meeting, she had said to him, half jestingly, "And, Bobby, if you're a good boy I'll give you the second dance." Thenceforth, Bobby was possessed of an insane desire to learn to dance. The great event was only two weeks off, and it was necessary for him to learn the very rudiments. He went through the steps in his sleep. He heard "One-two-three, one-two-three" in his dreams. He practiced on every conceivable occasion and in every imaginable place. Helen never missed an opportunity when he was around to go through the motions of dancing, or to hum some waltz tune. Bobby always blushed furiously, but not a word could she get out of him.

The evening of the twentieth finally came. Bobby devoted two hours to dressing, which was not any too much, considering the state of his mind. It took fully fifteen minutes to pull his tie into the desired knot, and quite as long to brush the pompadour in the approved way. At last he was ready. He was somewhat nervous and terribly self-conscious. He had been pronounced as a finished product by the professor of dancing, but, nevertheless, he had many misgivings. He flushed from his neck to the roots of his hair when he bid his mother and sister good-night, and Helen said, "I hope she'll be there, Bobby."

She was there in all the radiance of a pink messaline ball-gown which was wonderfully becoming. Bobby's adoring eyes followed her through the mazes of the first dance, and his heart was beating so loudly he thought everyone must hear it, when it was announced that the second dance would

be a waltz. The second dance, that was his! How he had dreamed of that second dance!

He went blindly across the floor to where she was sitting with the usual coterie of boys about her, fanning her and all talking at once. It was an extremely difficult ordeal for Bobby, the most bashful of the bashful where girls were concerned, to brave that group of boys, all of whom he knew, and who perpetually tormented him, and claim his dance. As in a dream, he heard himself saying, "May I have this dance, Miss Dorothy?"

Miss Dorothy looked up with a laugh and exclaimed, "Well, if it isn't little Bobby!" Bobby flushed at the "little" and said, "Yes, and I have come to claim the dance that you promised me."

"But, really, Bobby, I was only joking, you know, when I said that. I have this dance with Al and my program is all filled; see——. I'm sorry, Bobby, but I—I really couldn't."

"Of course, you couldn't, Dorothy," chimed in Al; "dance with Baby Bob! It would be too ridiculous! Come on, they're tuning up." And away they whirled, leaving Bobby too dismayed to do anything but stare after them. The other boys began to laugh. "O, Baby Bob, got turned down, didn't you?" "There, there, run home to mother." "It must be past you bed-time, anyhow, isn't it?"

"If you say another word, any of you, you'll be sorry for it!" Bobby strode toward his tormentors with eyes blazing and fists clinched.

"Whew! Baby Boy's some mad, isn't he?" taunted one. "There, there, Little——"

"Oh, hush up, fellows! Leave the kid alone, can't you?" said the oldest of the group. Bobby had murder in his heart, but he controlled himself with a great effort, walked over to a corner, and sat down.

How long he sat there he never knew. He saw nothing, heard nothing, but the look on Dorothy's face and the tone of Dorothy's voice when she said, "I was only joking, Bobby. I—I really couldn't, you know." So that was what girls were like. Well, he'd had enough of them. They were no use, whatever, and they didn't play square. He would never have anything more to do with——

"You haven't this dance, have you? Come on then and dance it with me. It's so stupid to sit out dances, don't you think?" Bobby looked up into the merriest, kindest pair of brown eyes, set in a frank, roguish face, and surmounted by a mass of curly brown hair. She was astonishingly pretty, though Bobby didn't notice it at the time.

Seeing the bewildered look on his face, the girl continued, "I guess you don't know who I am, do you? My name is Nell Hunter, and I have just come back here from Montana to visit my cousin who goes to High here. I don't know many of the boys, and saw you weren't dancing, so thought I'd ask you. Now, I've properly introduced myself. It's your turn."

Bobby was still gloomy and disgusted with life in general, and girl-kind in particular, but he managed to get out with a fair show of politeness that his name was Bobby Hall, and he was a Sophomore, and since she wanted to dance, why, he'd dance with her, as she didn't know the other boys. He did not say it very graciously, considering the beauty and charm of the girl who was honoring him, but Bobby was excusable under the circumstances.

Bobby was not inclined to talk much during the dance,

which was a waltz and one which he had practiced endlessly. But his partner kept up a rapid and lively conversation about her life in Montana on her father's ranch, her impressions of the East, her plans while she was there, in fact any and every topic which would take Bobby's mind from his tragedy. Nell Hunter was a very observing girl. She had seen the little episode which bid fair to spoil Bobby's evening, and although she had not heard what was said, or completely understood the attending circumstance, still she guessed pretty clearly how the land lay. So she had taken it upon herself to cheer Bobby's gloomy, wretched little heart.

During all the dances with Nell Hunter—there were ten that Bobby knew and he danced them all with her—Bobby noticed that admiring and wondering glances, sometimes even envious ones, followed them over the ball-room. He did not understand the reason of this until afterwards when the dance was over and he had said good-night to Miss Hunter and hoped he would see her again. He really meant that latter statement, too, though he would hardly admit it to himself.

The boys all crowded around him in the dressing-room, shaking his hand, and patting him of the back. "Say, old fellow, why didn't you give us a knock-down?" "We've been simply crazy to meet her all evening." "What's her name, anyhow?" "Nell Hunter? Why, fellows, that's the daughter of Millionaire Hunter of Montana—you know, the one that made oodles of money in the copper mines and then made lots more in sheep-raising. I always heard his daughter was a raving, tearing beauty, but I never thought I should have a chance to see her, or that she was half as much of a peach as she really is. And, fellows, just think! Bobby was the one that met her, and made a big hit, too, from the looks of things. Congratulations, old Boy, and say, after this, we'll cut out Babe and Baby. What do you say, fellows?"

"You bet we will!" chorused the bunch.

Thirty Years from To-day

How many years had passed since I was in Alameda! It was in the year 1940 and though fifty years of age, I decided to become young again. Accordingly, I set out for the great city of New York. Being in Chicago and in a hurry to reach the great metropolis, I took the limited express of the Aero Company of America and arrived in New York after a five-minute ride.

What a great city it was! The sky for miles around was filled with every sort of flying machine imaginable, from the old-fashioned Wright biplane of 1912, to the latest model of Curtiss roadster. My attention was next attracted to the "Hot Iron" building. It was two thousand stories high and though rather small, was a land mark of the great city, but next to it was a new sky-scraper, which I was told, was the largest building in the world. It was four thousand stories high, and would take one hour to get from one end to the other, on the new electric trams, which had just been installed. Well could I then remember the many times I

had gone up to the fifteenth story of the "Call" building and thought I should surely touch heaven. Now, buildings like the "Call" were used for news stands, in New York.

I now summoned a taxiplane and motioned to the driver to take me to the "Waldorf-Astoria." No sooner said, than done. It was almost like a fairy tale. Arriving at the hotel, I left my suit case and went to procure breakfast.

It was a fine meal and after tipping the waiter fifty dollars, I decided to see the world, and though it should take a day's time, I thought it would be worth while. Standing on the corner waiting for my subway signal, I heard a boy overhead crying "Extra." I called to him and he swooped by me taking the money and depositing the paper in my hand, by means of a small machine at his side. How modern everything was!

The International Aerial Navigation Company had its offices at the foot of Fifth Avenue and thence I was shot, in a subway tube, so fast that it was necessary to distribute oxygen generators to the passengers, so that they could breathe. At length, I was seated in an enormous steel air craft, whose engines were already humming below, and the next minute we were on our way. The course lay through the great Western city of San Francisco, which was now the third largest city in America.

We had left New York at nine o'clock, but owing to trouble with the machinery, it was noon before we arrived in the heart of the West. How that air-ship did travel! When we were crossing the Rockies, we were making up time and from Reno (where I saw a special train leaving with a great many rooters, whom I afterward learned were from Reno and were going to play their annual game of Rugby with their old rivals, Alameda High), we made the fast time of two minutes to San Francisco. The ship did not stop at San Francisco, but crossed the bay to a town which I did not recognize, till I saw a sign "Alameda High School," on an enormous stone building.

In this city, I learned we were to stop for lunch, for the place had come to be known as the "Coney Island of America" and had many wonderful facilities in regard to hotels and pleasure resorts. How good it felt to be back in my own town again, but how changed everything was! My first desire was to eat lunch and I was directed to Surf Beach Park, an enormous resort, with every imaginable amusement. There I sat down to eat, in a large dining room, with a splendid view of the great ships and aeroplanes of San Francisco Bay. Many people filled the spacious beach, and the bathing suits—how different they were from those I saw when I used to go swimming.

Having finished my lunch and with an hour to spare, before my ship sailed, I decided to visit the places where I spent my childhood days.

Leaving the Park, I got into an underground train and was shot through a tube, into the middle of Park Street. Could this be Park Street? There were so many people, that I could not recognize it to be that quiet street of nickleodeons and small stores. I saw a sign which read "Park Theatre," but there were no longer moving pictures and I saw by a notice that the "Park" had sold out to the Orpheum Circuit.

My heart longed to see again, that big gold sign I had seen when I arrived and I did not wait long, to turn into Central avenue, toward the school. What a change! Could

it be? No, it was not the same building. It was new, wonderfully new, everything shone like gold and the building, I learned from a gentleman standing in front and whom I recognized as "Nick," was the finest in the West.

I shook hands with this venerable gentleman and went into the building. I first came upon a door with the words "Dr. George C. Thompson" on it. I knocked, entered and there, sure enough, was Dr. Thompson. How natural it did seem and how cordial was his greeting. The building was open to my inspection, he said, so I proceeded to look about. I had not gone far, when a thundering noise reached my ears. What was it? "Brackety-ax, co-ax, co-ax." I hurried to the place as fast as I could go and there I saw a hall as big as a football field, filled with young folks. My! but they had spirit and all the fellows wore long trousers!

How different it all was from the days when I went to school.

There were two teams on the stage. What a good game it would be! It was not long before the big rally came to a close, for that afternoon the big game was to take place. I walked down to the car track with the crowd and was about to take a car to Recreation Park, when I heard the shriek of my airship whistle and had barely time to get aboard before the anchors were lifted and we were on our way.

What an eventful day! But it was worth all the trouble and exertion, and best of all—how Alameda High had changed!

The Two Padres

All along the rugged coast of California, white-capped breakers dash themselves to pieces, over changeless grey rocks. At a certain inlet, their spray rises and shrouds in mystery, the old historic town of Monterey.

Here, more than a hundred years ago, the patient Franciscan Friar, Father Serra, landed, and in a shallow cañon, raised the white cross of a new faith, beneath a great oak. Soon after, the mission of San Carlos was erected near by and among its dark-eyed children, the white-haired founder of many missions, spent his last days, in work and peace with his faithful friend, Father Palou. Mission life had its trials and struggles. To gather hope and courage, Father Serra often walked for miles, along the rocky shore, looking down to where the depths of water broke in climbing waves.

One day, because the tide was low, he left the cliff and climbed down the tumbled rocks. Absorbed in meditation, he was not careful to notice where he placed his hand for support, as he moved from one jut to another, and thus it happened, that after grasping what seemed to be a projection, half covered with tangled seaweed, there was a sudden jerk, and he felt his hand to be pinioned in a vicelike grip against the ragged surface of a boulder. Startled, he drew back, but something like a dull knife pressed all the harder, across the toil-roughened fingers. The seaweed parted and

he discovered himself to be in the power of a large, dusky-shelled abalone.

He did not at first realize his helplessness, but tried, again and again, to think of some means by which he might be able to free himself. Minutes passed into hours and little shadows lengthened in the hollows of the rocks, as the sun sank toward the horizon. One after another, each thought of help was cast aside until the last hope vanished. Father Serra found himself face to face with fate.

His thoughts turned to the mission that he loved so well. Already the good Friar Palou must be waiting for his return. It suddenly seemed to him that everything was waiting. The world was waiting for darkness. Each thirsty animal of the sea and each bit of rock-fastened weed was waiting for the return of the tide. The rocks were waiting to be ground to sand by the surge and he was waiting for the slow waters to creep up and overwhelm him.

A numbing pain was throbbing in his arm and made his whole body ache; but patience gained by years of toil and disappointment made it somewhat easier to wait without complaint.

The yellow sunlight played over the fleecy cloud and fell in a long and shining pathway upon glowing waters. A faint breeze came from nowhere and vanished into dark shadows. It brushed aside a white lock on the careworn brow of the Father and woke him from benumbed resignation. The mission needed his aid. He felt that he could not die here alone, away from his Book of Prayers and his most faithful friend. His free hand sought his rosary and one by one he began to tell its beads, with a prayer, until he reached the cross. There he paused and memory raised before his eyes a little monastery garden in far-away Italy. There, with Father Palou he had had his dark hour of Gethsemane. Common sympathy forged the links of friendship and after years of separation they had been reunited in the work of carrying the faith to the Indians of the far west. Now the time had come to part again.

Close below him the great Pacific dashed with ceaseless motion, and hissed as if in anger over the walled rocks. Nearer and nearer it came, until waves chilled his ankles and tugged at his coarse gown. In his loneliness a fierce longing seized him to be near his friend once more and in desperation he begged the aid of the good Saint Francis of Assisi who, like his Master, had stilled and walked the waves. The moon climbed its pathway unnoticed and the water rose higher and higher about him. Unheeded, cloud after cloud of spray burst in majestic splendor over unyielding rocks. The din of the rushing waves deadened all other sound. Soon the struggle would be over and he feared that perhaps, on account of this last earthly desire, he might not be permitted to meet his friend in Heaven.

Had Saint Francis forgotten him? A shadow passed between him and the moonlight, but the pain had numbed his senses. He did not see the kind face peering down, or feel strong hands loosen and draw him from the water.

When he awoke he found himself lying in a coarse, dry mantle beneath a dark cypress. The moon was still shining and by its light he saw the bowed form of his old companion counting the rosary.

Even now, years after Father Serra and good Friar Palou are in the unending companionship of death, the vil-

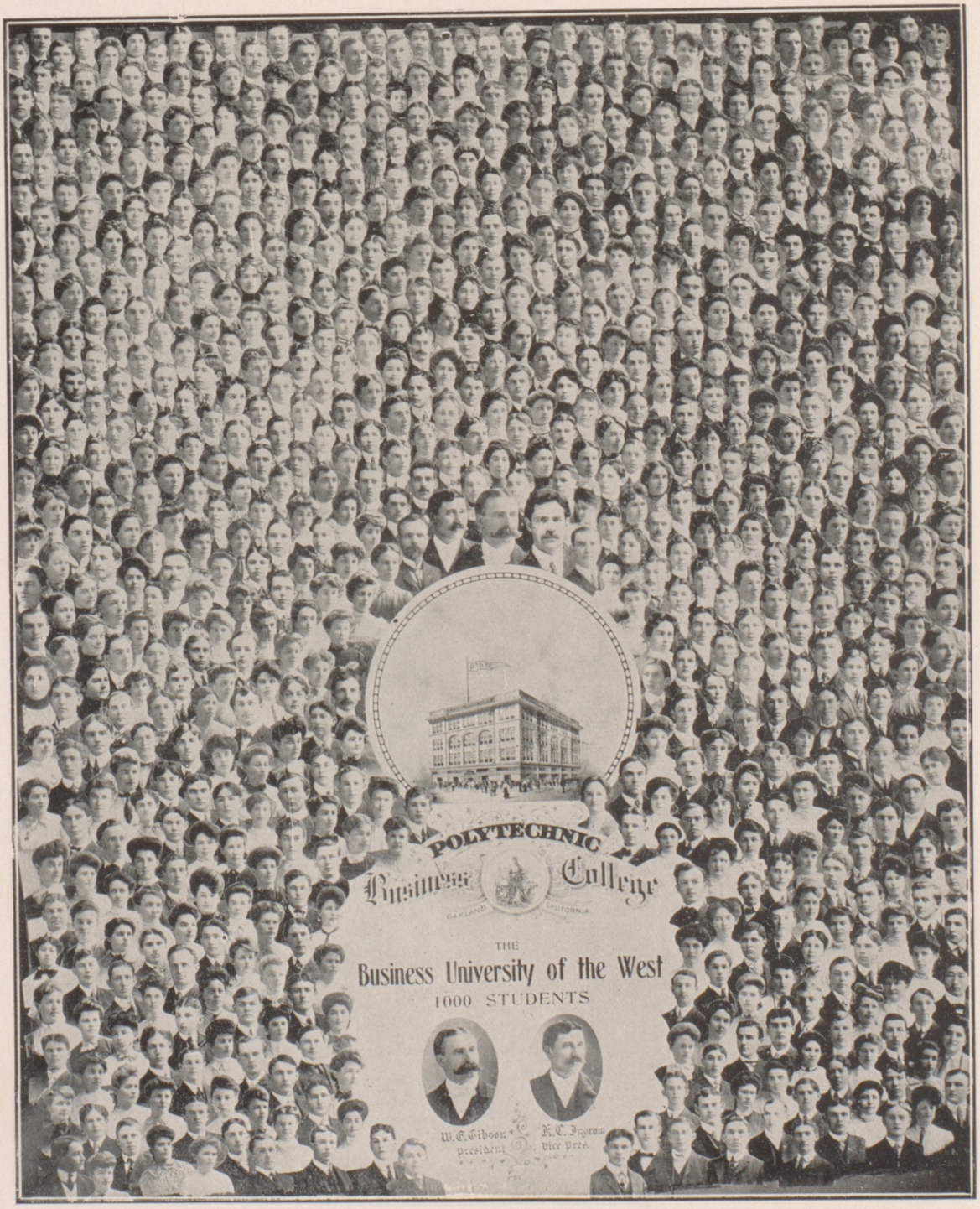
lagers will tell you that when the creeping yerba buena fills the air with perfume and the dark pines on the hill crests nod and whisper, then along the moonlit coast two dark figures pass in silence. At the place where the old oak used to shelter a white cross they vanish and once again Father Serra and Father Palou have returned to earth to renew their friendship and the vows that they made beneath the cypress long ago.

Viewed From Three Angles

"Say, talking about freaks, you ought to have seen the peach that Mae and I saw last night. You know that Dago who keeps the peanut stand at the corner of Main street, Pedro, I think his name is. Well, we were going past the stand, and I noticed him staring at something, for all he was worth. He would smile every once in a while, as sweetly as though someone had passed him a five. I got curious, and turned around to see what the fellow was rubbering about. And there I saw it. A Dago girl was standing on the corner dolled up fit to kill. She was a sight. She had on a huge picture hat, with three scraggly scarlet plumes hanging off one side. Her dress was of bright pink stuff, covered with loads of cheap lace and surrounded by a purple sash. Oh, the color effect was charming, I assure you. Then she wore tiny slippers and very openwork stockings. You see I took it all in. Or rather, it hit me so hard that I couldn't help remembering every detail. Her face was really lovely, but oh the duds!"

"Oh my fren', at last I meet my, what you call her?—afinitee? She is mos' beautiful. I see her las' night. She stop on the corner and I smile. She will not look at me. But then she give me one leetle smile, and I am happy. I must see her again. She is mos' lovely. Her eyes, oh so beeg and black and soft. Her mouth, it look like one red rosebud. She is dress' mos' stylish, too. Her hat beeg and black, with red feathers, like the color of her mouth. Her dress, one lovely pink, like her cheeks. It is very stylish because it have one—what you say? Not belt, bigger—sash of purple. She must be one artist, she have such beautiful colors. But I no look at her clothes much. Her face, her eyes, her smile, ah my fren' they are so beautiful. But I tell you a thing mos' shameful. I see two Americano girls go past. They stop, they look at her, and laugh, and make fun at her, who is more lovely than one could dream of. These Americanos have so funny likes."

"My dear, I saw such an interesting and almost pathetic incident last evening. I was standing at the corner of Main street waiting for my car. My attention was attracted to an Italian girl who stood not far away. She was most gaily dressed, the colors being red, on her black hat, and pink and purple on her dress. There was something in the girl's face which caught my attention and held it. She had the most beautiful eyes and mouth I ever saw outside of Italy. Big, black eyes, with a wonderful depth to them, and scarlet lips



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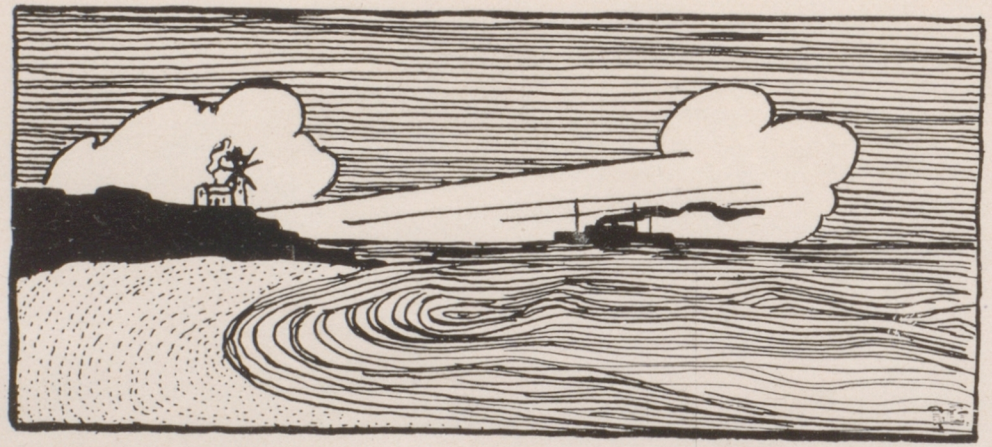
made only to be kissed. It seemed an incomplete picture without some one to do homage to a beauty too real and vital to be spoiled by the gaudy clothing. I glanced back of me, and caught sight of the peanut-stand man, that nice-looking Italian boy who always has such a good smile and who looks as if always dreaming of Italian skies. He was gazing at her with as rapt an expression as ever was seen on the face of a monk on his knees before his Madonna. He seemed carried out of the dingy street, and I think he imagined himself back in sunny Italy, walking in the fields with the girl who meant Italy and his home to him. Suddenly two over-dressed American girls broke into the picture. They came down the street with that awful hobble-restricted stride which so many people of no originality affect now. They were chewing gum, and talking in those coarse, strident tones which pierce one through and through. They grasped the little scene in a glance, but missed the beauty of it. Immediately they fell to giggling, and passing rude remarks and meaning glances intended to reach the ears and eyes of the two Italians. I did not hear the conversation, but caught something about 'those awful duds,' with a glance at the finery of the girl. But I was glad to see that they failed of their purpose. How these simple foreign folk joy in the love of bright color! It was Ruskin, I think, who said that the love of pure color shows a pure heart. Just then my car came and I left the pleasant comedy. But all the way home, I wondered why some people always close their eyes to the pleasant human side of things and ridicule the clothes and actions of others, when their own are as bad or worse."

MILDRED ADAMS, '12.



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A Caprice of Fate

Something foreign glistened on the cold stones of my cell. I gazed stupidly at it for quite a length of time. Interest crushed by many false hopes was slow to rekindle. At last my intellect, aroused from its "death in life" sleep, stirred my body to activity. I reached forth and grasped the object.

It was only a seed. A vague feeling of disappointment and injury possessed me for the moment. I was about to cast it away and sink into an ever deepening apathy when some vague sentiment of almost forgotten patriotism stopped me. It was a thistle seed.

For the first time in months, which seemed like years of eternity, I saw the heaths, braes and hidden glens of my native land. A new impulse was given to life. A longing seized me. I wanted to see my home once more. I wanted to tread the hills and listen to the tongue of my country again. I had given up these hopes long ago.

I looked back over my career. I saw myself march proudly away with my regiment to foreign war. I had ambitions then, I had youth. I was favored and promoted rapidly. Then came capture and I was thrust into this dungeon partly below the river's level. At first I had been restless. I had watched the daylight coming and going through the little grating in the wall. I had planned escape. I had hoped for deliverance but as time went by this had all faded and I was gradually dying, dead already mentally, until now.

I awoke from my reverie to plant, with great care, the seed. I planted it in a crevice of the wall just below the window.

Months went by, my time being all spent in contemplating the growth of my thistle. Its purple head now reared itself proudly, between the bars of the grating, bathed in light. I was wrapped up in it and noticed its every change.

One day as I sat regarding my treasure I heard voices, mingled with the sound of a boat, in the river above me. They drew nearer and I recognized the long unheard dialect of my native land. Trembling with joy I climbed up as near the grating as I could and called for help, with a voice faint from disuse. The face of a brawny fellow country-man appeared at the grating and hearing my tale and glad to help a Scotchman he wrenched away, with a crowbar, the bars leading to my freedom. I was dragged into the blinding sunlight of freedom. I swooned.

When I awoke I was in friendly hands. I asked the reason for their approaching my lonely cell. My rescuer told me that the thistle growing in such a queer place had attracted his attention and he had drawn near. That seed borne on a thoughtless wind had been the means of my escape.

ARTHUR AITON.

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School Calendar

Aug. 7—School opens. Mystery is predominant in the countenance of Dr. Thompson.

Aug. 8—Freshman lost.

Aug. 9—Something else missing. Detectives give up search.

Aug. 10—We are on his trail.

Aug. 11—First Associated Student Meeting.

Aug. 12—Aha! Discovered! Dr. Staley had his moustache shaved.

Aug. 15—Swimming team organized.

Aug. 18—Lecture on Alaska by Mr. Wirt.
First Executive Committee Meeting.

Aug. 21—Freshman Reception.

Aug. 25—Second Associated Student Body Meeting.

Aug. 26—Alameda lines up for its first game of Rugby against Berkeley High. Score, B. H. S. 18, A. H. S. 0.

Aug. 28—Work of organizing class finished.

Sept. 2—First Acorn Meeting.

Sept. 3—Alameda plays Lowell at Lincoln Park. Score, A. H. S. 23, L. H. S. 0.

Sept. 5—Basket ball club organized at Central Hall.

Sept. 6—French lectures begin.

Sept. 7—High Junior class gives a pie sale.

Sept. 8—High School dance at Adelphian Club.

Sept. 8—Associated Student Body Meeting.

Sept. 9—Alameda plays Fremont High at Lincoln Park. Score, Fremont 6, Alameda 0.

Sept. 11—Anthony gets a 1 but it is later discovered to be "days absent."

Sept. 12—Exhibition of Pottery by Mr. F. H. Rhead at Adelphian Club.

Sept. 13—German lecture given under Miss Garretson's supervision.

Sept. 19—Miss Baldwin organizes Spanish Club.

Sept. 20—Miss Stebbins, Assistant Dean of Women at U. C., gives informal talk to Senior Girls. Associated Student Body Meeting.

Sept. 21—Alameda's second team plays Fremont. Score, Fremont 6, Alameda 0.

Sept. 22—High Senior Pie Sale.

Sept. 25—Alameda plays Cogswell at Lincoln Park. Score, Alameda 9, Cogswell 4.

Sept. 29—School Candy Sale.

Sept. 30—Alameda plays Oakland Poly. Score, A. H. S. 8, O. P. H. S. 0.

Oct. 2-3—Australian Boys visit Alameda.

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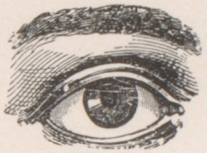

¶ Particular Attention Should Be Given to the Eyes of School Children! I Make a Specialty of this Class of Work!

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R. WALLACE DOIG

427-8 FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING OAKLAND, CAL.

Oct. 7—Alameda plays Palo Alto at the College town. Score, A. H. S. 8, P. A. H. S. 3.

Oct. 9—Low Seniors select their play, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine."

Oct. 11—Berkeley High trims Alameda at Recreation Park. Score, B. H. S. 14, A. H. S. 3.

Oct. 12—Buffet lunch at School.
Rally for Reno game.

Oct. 13—The Team goes to Reno.

Oct. 14—They play Reno. Score, A. H. S. 22, R. H. S. 0.

Oct. 16—Vacation.

Oct. 23—School begins again.

Oct. 26—Organization of School Orchestra.

Oct. 27—Football Rally for Fremont Game.

Oct. 28—Fremont and Alameda play at Recreation Park. Score, A. H. S. 5, Fremont 0.

Oct. 31—Football Rally for Reno game.

Nov. 3—The Reno team arrives, are shown around Alameda by the boys and are served luncheon at school by the girls. Alameda entertains the Reno team at the Park.

Nov. 3—The game at Recreation. Score, Alameda 3, Reno 0. Second school dance at Adelphian Hall for the Reno team.

Nov. 9—Tickets for the Senior show, the "Stubbornness of Geraldine," go on sale.

Nov. 10—Football rally for Belmont game.

Nov. 11—The day of the "Big Game," Alameda High clashes with Belmont on Belmont field. Score, A. H. S. 0, B. H. S. 0.

Nov. 14—U. C. Glee Club at Adelphian Hall.

Nov. 15—Senior Pie Sale, "We eat pies at recess."

Nov. 17—Student meeting for "Stubbornness of Geraldine."

Nov. 18—Production of Senior play, the "Stubbornness of Geraldine," at Adelphian Hall.

Nov. 24—Rally for proposed Extravaganza, next term.

Nov. 30—Thanksgiving. Oh, you turkey!

Dec. 8—Junior Dance, Adelphian Hall. Tryouts for "Ship Ahoy."

Dec. 15—Honor students excused.

Dec. 19—Senior banquet.

Dec. 20—Last recitation.

Dec. 21—Graduation exercises.

Dec. 22—Report cards.

Dec. 25—Merry Christmas.

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JOSHES

Joshes

Notice: If these joshes seem too personal, don't blame the editors; remember, "a slip of the pen is no fault of the mind." If you still want satisfaction, apply to our manager, Misto Jack Johnson.

Mundt—There are only four girls besides myself in the German class.

Miss Haworth (in Geometry)—You may now put your time on your Geometry.

Thereby one of our High and Mighty Seniors, taking out his watch, laid it on the geometry, and resumed his reading of the Exchanges.

Mr. Agard (in English)—Can you answer that question, Hazel?

Miss King (after looking at Miss Livingstone)—Which Hazel?

Dutch Mastick (to conductor)—Stop at Willow street please.

Conductor—That's all right, old man. I know your street.

Friend—In what course does your son expect to graduate?

Proud Mother—In the course of time.

Friend—But how is he getting along in his studies?

Proud Mother—He was half-back on the football team but now he is all the way back in his studies.

Needed Sweeping.

Larkin—How many times a day do you sweep the sidewalk, Nick?

Nick—Every time you pass by.

Some Nonsense.

"I'll sing you a lay," said the little brown hen
To the egg that arrived that day;
But knowing how bum
Her voice had become—
The egg just scrambled away.

Sophomore—Gee! Kelly was sore because he only got two bouquets at the Senior play.

Freshie—Why, that was more than the other actors got.

Sophomore—Yes, but he paid for three.

Shy—My face is my fortune.

(?)—How long have you been broke?

They had been engaged only a week. He had kissed her forty times that evening. When he stopped, she said, tearfully:

"Dearest, have you ceased to love me?"

"No, I haven't," he replied, "I only stopped to breathe."

"Musket" Johns—Now, men, fight like heroes until your powder is gone. Then run for your lives. As I am a little lame, I'll start now.

"What did you write on, in English?"

"Folder paper."

Murphy was telling her about the members of the football team.

"Now," said he, "there's Bruzzone, in a few weeks he'll be our best man."

"Oh, Charles," she gushed, "What a nice way to ask me."

Ruth H. (in English)—He smote him upon his head where his helmet wasn't.

The three winners—Baldwin, Potwin, Goodwin.

Anna D. (in Civics)—How much does a marriage license cost, Mr. Marshall?

Note: Next year is leap year!

Soph—You are a scrub, aren't you?

Freshie—Scrub! your neck!

Von Schmidt, they say, is there with persistence;
Take his favorite hobby, queening, for instance,
Though she should say, "No sir!"
He'd cuddle up Clos-r
And utterly disregard all resistance.

Ticket seller (in nickleodeon—How many?

Fat Frick—How many do I need?

Mr. Marshall (in Low Senior History)—When woman suffrage comes to pass, instead of war we will have finger nails and pulling of hair, but even that is better than powder and ball.

Dip Naghel—It's better than powder, anyway.

Louis Scheeline

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Miss Potwin (lecturing on the Lick Observatory)—The astronomer turned his dome around, and then saw stars.

"Why do Scotchmen wear kilts?"
"I don't know, why?"
"Because their feet are too big to get into trousers."

Plans for the New Alameda High School.

To build the new schoolhouse where the old schoolhouse stands, to let the old schoolhouse remain until the new schoolhouse is built and to build the new schoolhouse out of the bricks of the old schoolhouse.

Mr. Marshall—Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" should be a pastoral.

"Pa, who was Shylock?"
"Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday school every week and you don't know who Shylock is. Go and read your Bible."—Ex.

Lecturer (speaking of the rhinoceros)—I must ask your individual attention; it is absolutely impossible for you to form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me.

One on Reggie.

Reginald—Archie, I don't stand on trifles.
Archibald (looking at his feet)—I see you don't.

Sherrard—Lend me your pencil, will you?
Freshman—Sorry, but I've only got one.
Sherrard—I only asked for one.

Anthony—A man and his hair are soon parted.

Rev. Willsie Martin is right there with the joshes. His latest:

He kissed her on each cheek, and he liked it so well, that he lingered a while between.

Clem Smith—If *you* cannot eat, the nap kin. Ha! Ha! I laugh at you.

Father—What did you leave your arithmetic out in the chicken house for?

Bright son—So the chickens would multiply.

Why Willis!

Mr. Minium (in Physics)—Don't you understand the dynamo rule, Miss Westbrook? Let me hold your hand while I show you.

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HIM HAS WENT
HIM HAS GONE
HIM WILL NE'R RETURN
TO WE

Customer—Jack, do the people who live across from you keep chickens.

Jack (the Chestnut-street bootblack)—Day keeps some of 'em, sah.

He (tenderly)—It is a mistake for man to travel through life alone.

She—Yes, indeed. Why don't you get your mother to chaperon you?

Murphy (at football practice)—We have no Amos Elliots here, but we have a mos-quito.

Bacon—And does your son show any signs of his college training?

Hanan—Oh, yes; he's quite lame from an injury he received on the football team.

Miss Senior (confidentially)—He said I was a poem.

Miss Freshman (sarcastically)—Did you scan your feet?

A little bird sat on a telephone wire,
And said to his mate, "I declare,
If wireless telephony comes into vogue,
We'll all have to sit on the air."

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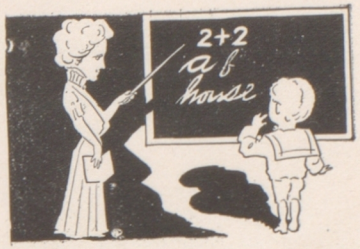

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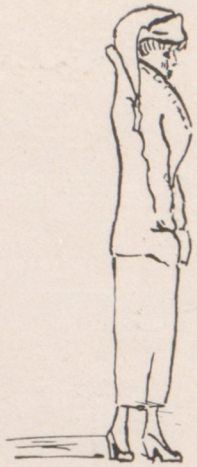

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Heard Around the Campus.

Gay—Wot's th' marter with ye!
Bates—O gosh!
Aiton—Now the theory is—
Señor—I bringa de book!
Smith—All right angles are equal.
B. Ohlson—Vell I tell you, dat is a svell t'ing.
Anthony—A rollicking Swiss yodle.
Miss Hewett—As I said to Ed Beach.

Heard in Zoology.

"What large African bird has wings but still cannot fly?"
"I dunno. A dead one!"

First Bonehead—I wonder why that real estate dealer looks so hard at us.

Second Bonehead—Maybe it's because we're such a vacant lot.—Ex.

Miss Hewitt—Have you been through Algebra?

Sharpie—Yes, ma'm, but I went through in the night, and didn't see much of the place—Ex.

Father—Why are you always behind in your studies?

Son—If I were not behind, how could I pursue them?—Ex.

Smith (in Solid)—I understand that theorem all right, but I don't know how to express it.

Kramer—Aw! send it by Wells-Fargo!

"Willie" Krumb—When do you have Dutch, Edna?

Edna C.—All the time.

What is the difference between an auction sale and seasickness?

One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

Miss Baldwin (in Spanish)—What part of the verb ends in "ar"?

Bright (?) One—The last part.

Remmel (proudly, after singing)—What would you give for a voice like mine?

Bryan—Chloroform.

Overheard in a Graveyard.

"I'm in dead, Earnest," said one little bug to another.—Ex.

Theorem—A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.
Proof—Nothing is better than a good lesson.
A poor lesson is better than nothing.
Therefore, a poor lesson is better than a good lesson.

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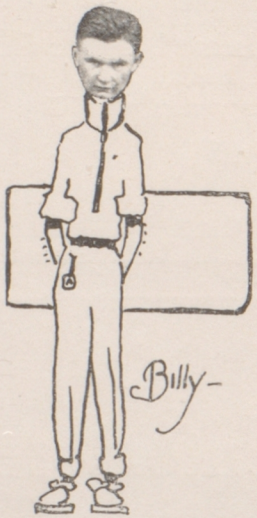

"Do you stutter all the time?"

Bates—No, only when I talk.

Mr. Agard (to his High Seniors)—Who were the Three Fates?

Senior—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Mr. Minium—Mr. Johns, what is the pressure of one atmosphere?

Bill—76 cm.

Mr. Minium—Correct.

Note: Bill is sure there with the "76" stuff.

The evolution of a high school gentleman from a young lady's point of view:

Freshman—cute;

Sophomore—a mutt;

Junior—classy;

Senior—dignified and handsome.

Junior—In a math. ex. there are several things I always count on.

Freshman—What are they?

Junior—My fingers.

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A dictatorial bachelor wishes to meet a tall blonde with luxuriant hair, and graceful carriage. Object matrimony. E. A.

A grammar teacher in Mastick School wishes to correspond with a bleached blonde who does not understand English. W. B.

A native of Switzerland would not mind an introduction to a college professor of Socialistic tendency. No age limit. E. B.

Middle aged lady of gentle disposition would like to meet a young man who wants a home and mother. Object matrimony. I. C.

A petite maiden lady is anxious to meet a tall man of the Swedenborgian faith, who is fond of pumpkin pies. Object matrimony. C. C.

A striking brunette would like to marry a blond young army officer. No objection to bad habits. Will live at any social center. A. D.

A young Greek athlete with a wild horse wishes to meet a musical German who enjoys rag time. No objection to an old widower with a Baby-Grand. Lulu.

A young Greek athlete with a wild hose wishes to meet a tight rope walker. Must be well balanced. I. G.

A math. professor at Harvard wishes to meet a young lady who does not know a quack when she sees one. W. J.

A young lady of fiery appearance would like to meet a Frenchman. No bargain counter counts count in this proposition. Money no consideration. H. L.

An imaginative young poetess wishes to meet an appreciative publisher. If poems are accepted will accept the publisher. M. M.

A naturalized Irishman wishes to meet a dark girl with a brogue. Good looks no object. C. M.

A dashing young lady is dying to meet a tennis champion worth several million pounds sterling. No objection to home abroad. J. O.

A fashionably dressed young man wishes to meet a young lady who has good taste in jewelry. No triflers. E. R.

A disappointed ward politician wishes to meet a young school teacher with dark hair. No references required. E. S.

A coquettish young artist would like to correspond with a Mexican cowboy of aristocratic descent with a large ranch at San Antonio. Send references and photograph. E. S.

A bashful country lad wishes to meet a refined, *cultivated* young lady with coin-colored hair. R. S.

A stately, dark beauty is anxious to meet an African potentate. Must have a large cargo of "dates." No "cannibals" need apply. E. S.

A young widow wishes to correspond with a gentleman who is able to appreciate good singing. Must be short and dark. No objection to large family. Object matrimony. M. S.

A young amateur dentist wishes to meet a young girl easily filled. Object, matrimony. E. T.

A sleight-of-hand performer wishes to meet a wealthy widow, who has no objection to traveling. H. T.

An illustrator, subject to the "wanderlust" would like to correspond with a young actress. Object, matrimony, if agreeable. H. von S.

A young lady of pleasing appearance interested in reforming hopeless criminals would like to meet a minister of congenial temperament. K. W.

Sedate spinster with a large black dog would like to make arrangements to meet a German coachman who is kind to animals. E. Z.

A man with a graceful ——— wishes to meet a lady who will keep step with him down the road of life. E. K.

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"Well, what do the Revolutionists want?"

"They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk."—Ex.

Jones—Waiter, I found three bees in the soup.

Waiter—That is a typographical error. They should be peas.

Our old cobbler has now a job in a restaurant shooing flies.—Ex.

If ever perfect manners were,
The Boston lady had 'em;
She wouldn't say chrysanthe "mum,"
She said chrysanthe "madame."

Freshman—Please pick that splinter from under my nail?

Senior—What have you been doing? Scratching your head?

Wise pupil—Gee! It's a pipe.

Absent-minded one—What is?

Wise pupil—The water system, you mutt.—Ex.

When is a goat nearly?

When it is all butt.—Ex.

Mr. Marshall (showing a book on the Romance of the Steel Industry)—I notice that John D. got into this, but there was not much romance about his ste(a)eling.

Clem Smith—I hope this rain keeps up.

Cockey Pearson—Why?

Smith—So it won't come down.

Professor Tomlins, in delivering a lecture was interrupted by a noise at the rear of the hall.

"I wish the young gentleman at the door would either step in or out."

Needless to say, the gentleman stepped out. He was our History teacher, Mr. Goodwin.

Farmer—See here, boy, what ye doin' up there?

Boy—One of your pears fell off the tree and I'm tryin' to put it back.

Optimist—Pleasant weather overhead.

Pessimist—Ya-a-s. Trouble is, so few people are going that way.

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Rock-a-bye Seniors
  Upon a tree top,
As long as you study,
  Your cradle will rock;
But if you stop digging,
  The cradle will fall,
And down will come Seniors,
  Diplomas and all.

Johnny studied chemistry,
  Studied long and late,
Johnny breathed some chlorine gas,
  He'll not graduate.

Seen Al?

Al who?

Alcohol; Kerosene him last night, but he hasn't benzine since; gaso-lined him up against a lamp-post and took a naptha. The petroleum wagon took him up.

"Where is the man who keeps this restaurant?" asked the disgusted customer?

"He's just gone out to lunch," replied the cashier.

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Several members of typewriting class have objected to striking the "I" key and "J" key.

Only the handsome should read what's written below:

Do you know you are very conceited for reading this?

Knicker—Thought you said you were going to bathe your feet. Why, you only turned your footwear inside out.

Bocker—Well, isn't that turning the hose on them?

Heard in Zoo.

"Name six Australian animals."

"A possum, a boomerang, three kangaroos and a eucalyptus tree."

A bachelor's toast—Here's wishing Adam had died with all his ribs.

A squash cannot satisfy one's thirst, but a "Pump-kin."

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
  New jokes are hard to find,
A whole new editorial staff
  Can't tickle every mind;
So if you meet some ancient joke,
  Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a "poke,"
  Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Lives of football men remind us
  That they write their names in blood,
And departing leave behind them
  Half their faces in the mud.

Student—I feel it in my bones that you are going to give me a better mark than you did last month.

Teacher—In which bone?

Student—I'm not sure, but I think it's in my wishbone.

The reason why the football team gave Reno such a stinging in the first game was because they used a little "rug bee" on them.

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Returning home one evening, the young husband found his wife in tears.

"It does seem too awful," she said, "that the first meat pie I made for you should be eaten by the cat!"

"Well, never mind, dearest," said the husband, cheerfully, "we can get another cat easy enough."—Youths' Companion.

One on Jean.

Mr. Vaughan—Jean, did you have company last night?

Jean—Yes, father, one of the girls called.

Mr. Vaughan—Well, you tell that girl friend to call and get her tobacco pouch she left on the porch rail.

Just Daffydils.

If Mt. Whitney is high, is Mt. Diablo?

If Nick was unable to mow the lawn, could Dynamo?

One person can dye his own hair, but it takes two to dialogue.

If Mark Twain was witty, was John Greenleaf Whittier?

Miss Hewitt, addressing the student body, "I stood on a chair and yelled a flag wildly."

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T. Miller (receiving instructions in drawing)—Won't you sit down, Mr. Rice?

Mr. Rice (whose hair is rather sparse)—No; I could paint on my head if I wanted to.

Sunday School Teacher—Is your pa a Christian, Bobbie?

Little Bobby—Naw. Not to-day. He's got the toothache.

THIS IS NO XMAS JOKE.

Lynne Stanley certainly has some keen holiday neckwear and nobby furnishings for the holiday trade. Get wise, girls, and make your "queener" a Christmas present that he will like. JACK.

O YOU RENO! A PLAYLET.

Scene: Opposition dance, Reno night, upstairs at Adelphian Hall. Alameda man at the piano—ragtime strain.

Dr. Thompson appears.

Wise Alameda Man—Gee, fellows, that was some song—let's sing again.

Fall Guy, Reno (approaching Dr. Thompson)—Say, "Bo," that is sure some music, let's have a little rag.

Shakespeare on Baseball.

"I will go root."—Richard III.

"Now you strike like a blind man."—Much Ado About Nothing.

"Out, I say."—Macbeth.

"I will be short."—Hamlet.

"Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it."—Love's Labor Lost.

"He knows the game."—Henry VI.

"Oh, hateful error!"—Julius Caesar.

"A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit."—Hamlet.

"He will steal, sir."—All's Well That Ends Well.

"Whom right and wrong have chosen as an umpire."—Love's Labor Lost.

"Let the world slide."—Taming of the Shrew.

"He has killed a fly."—Titus Andromicus.

"The play, as I remember, pleased not the millions."—Hamlet.

"What an arm he has."—Coriolanus.

"They cannot sit at ease, on the old bench."—Romeo and Juliet.

"Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves threw incense."—King Lear.—Ex.

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A NEW ADDITION TO THE FACULTY.

One of the gentlemen of Alameda was kind enough to take Ed. Seagrave down to the station at Belmont, after the game.

"Thanks," said Scow, when he arrived at the station.

"Don't mention it," said the venerable gentleman, "I am always glad to do a favor for one of the faculty. You are one of the teachers of the Alameda High, aren't you?"

A soph with a face like a pumpkin,
With features ingrown and sunken;
When asked why so blue
He said, "Sad but true—
The trouble is that I'm flunkin'!"

A freshman stood on the burning deck,
But as far as we could learn,
He stood in perfect safety,
He was too green to burn.

Miss Berg (in Low Junior English)—Mr. Thompson, what are some of the bubbles of life?

Thompson—Automobubbles.

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Heroes of December, 1911

(To the tune of "Clementine.")

1.

In a school-house
On an island
In the land of poppy gold;
On a platform
At Commencement
Sit our heroes brave and bold.

Chorus: Oh! our colors,
Oh! our colors,
Oh! our colors, gold and white,
You are lost,
And lost forever,
On this sad Commencement night.

2.

First we see
Our student's chairman,
With his presidential air,
"Dutch" brings credit
On his high school
When he occupies the chair.

3.

Next advances
William Jennings,
Presidential candidate;
As he is
The class collector
He comes in lonely state.

4.

Then St. Patrick
Holds us spellbound
With his tuneful Irish drawl;
When he walks
It is an amble,
For our saint is rather tall.

5.

Blond his hair,
With curling lashes
Drooping over azure eyes,
When he finds
Me in his josh-box
Won't it take him by surprise?

Patronize Our Advertisers.

6.

Fond was he
Of soft-nosed bullets,
Revolutionary tricks,
Oh, he's quite
An ardent patriot,
For he fought in '76.

7.

Bat in hand
And sure of triumph
"Larry" steps up to the plate;
With swift stroke
He knocks a home-run,
Putting rivals out of date.

8.

Like unto
A second Vergil
Watch the next one take his place,
With a voice
As of a trumpet,
He doth Cicero disgrace.

9.

Next advances
Sweet sixteen,
Youngest one to reach the goal,
Author of
Our constitution—
He's upon the Honor Roll.

10.

Fair is he
With pompadour and
A Platonic turn of mind,
As one of the world's
Great wise-men
You will some day see him signed.

11.

Don't you hear
The money clinking
As the next one takes his place?
Secretary
Of our Treasure
He steps up with modest grace.

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12.

He has just
Arrived from Zulu,
Chief of all cannibal isles,
And you see
Him sweetly dreaming
Of his dusky beauties' smiles.

13.

Last, not least,
Of the procession,
Comes the tallest of them all;
He's inclined
To be a queener
But his heart's right with it all.

X. Y. Z., '11.

A lass,
A look,
Books neglected,
Flunks expected.

Heard on the Campus.

"Bates seems to be wandering in his mind."
"Don't fear, he can't go far."

Woman—Three ounces of carbolic acid, please.
Clerk—Madam, this is a hardware store; but—er—we carry a fine line of razors and revolvers.

PRESENT STYLES.

Mary had a little skirt,
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go.

Teacher—Were the oaths taken by the knights very hard to keep?
Pupil—Yes; they had to swear to love one maiden only.

Scrub—What is a simile?
Miss Potwin—A simile is a smile with two i's(eyes).

If King Richard could hoe potatoes, what could Ivanhoe?

Turk—I hear they don't want Mr. Goodwin any longer.
Tilden—Why not?
Turk—Because he is long enough already.

A student in chemistry was once asked what gelatine was. Unable to give a proper definition, he burst out with:
"A—a—touch it and it shakes!"

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Mr. Marshall—What part of Turkey, Mr. Seagrave?

"Shy"—The Eastern part.

Mr. Marshall—I prefer the gizzard myself or perhaps the dark meat, which are the African possessions.

Freshman Poetry.

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun,
Is rising in the glorious west,
The rapid rivers slowly run,
And the frog in his downy nest,
The festive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious leap from bough to bough.

The S. P. ought to put out a good football team.

How so?

Think of all the coaches they have.—Ex.

Little Johnny Burns
Sits upon a stove,
Little Johnny Burns.

Little Johnny Burns
Didn't go to heaven
Little Johnny Burns.

Clerk—This book will do half your studies for you."

Howe—Give me two.

"Why does Jones keep staring at that picture of the mermaids, half submerged, playing in the water?"

"He's waiting for the tide to go out."—Widow.

A young French lady, of great personal charm, was being entertained at a fancy dress ball, at the home of her hostess, and young Richard was home from college. He had persuaded her that the conservatory was cool and cosy, and as they sat down, she asked her escort what the orchestra was playing.

"Cuddle up a little closer," replied Richard.

And flashing a coquettish glance through her mask she did so, saying as her cheek rested on his manly shirt front, "Oui, M'sieu, but ze tune zat zey play, what ees eet?"—Jack O'Lantern.

Writing to Charlie?

Yes.

I thought he was engaged.

He writes me that his girl has thrown him overboard and I'm dropping him a line.—Ex.

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A Watery Farewell.

A French woman, who knew little English, once met an English woman who spoke bad French. After conversing together, with difficulty, for a short period, the time for departure came, which occurred in the following "liquid" manner:

"Well, au reservoir," said the English woman.

"Tanks," replied the other.—Ex.

This Will Never Happen.

Mr. Marshall—I have just received a recently published historical work in which I am unable to find any mistakes.

Miss Garretson—I will not assign any lesson for this evening.

Gay—Worthy brothers and sisters, before beginning my lecture on "Why I Reformed," we will sign Psalm XXIII—verses one to ten inclusive.

Lick—To refute your claims of us having "cold feet," we accept your challenge and will play you whenever it is convenient for you.

'Ming Bruzzone—Got a smoke on yuh?

Shy Seagrave—What's the use of "crabbing" when you can arbitrate?

Doctor Thompson—(!!! ??? —— !? —— ——!! ???)

"Shadow" Frick—After playing football all season, I only weigh 250 pounds.

Freshie—How long can a person live without brains?

Soph—I don't know, how old are you?

Isy Sambo Culver, who had never been to church before, was given a dime by his mother, for the collection plate.

When the usher came around, Sambo, leaning over, and putting the dime in the plate, whispered, "This pays for two."

He—Do you ever read Scott?

She—Yes, my, yes, I have read Kenilworth, Lady of the Lake, Rob Roy, Quentin Durwood, but I haven't been able to read his last one, but I've heard a great deal about it.

He—What is it?

She—Why, Scott's Emulsion, you know!

Naughty—Naughty.

What did you father say when you told him my love was like a broad and gushing river?

He said, "Dam it."—Ex.

Mr. Agard—Mr. Turk, can you give me an example of a double negative?

Mr. Turk—I don't know none.

Modern Maid—Am I the first girl you ever loved?

Modern Youth—I cannot tell a lie. You are not—you are simply the best of the bunch.

When a donkey saw a zebra
He began to switch his tail,
"Well I never," was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been in jail." Ex.

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HUSH!!

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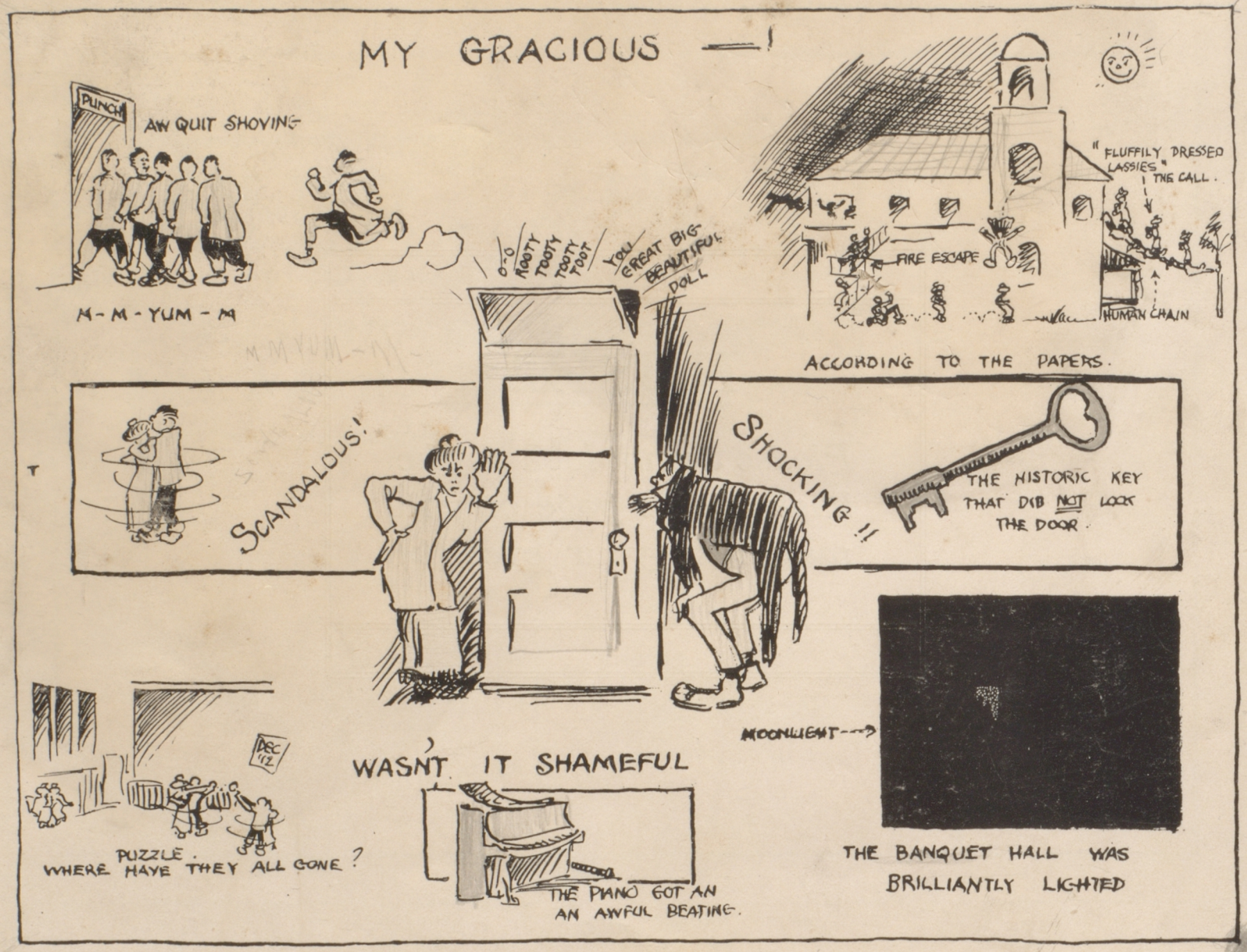
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PUNCH
AW QUIT SHOVING
M-M-YUM-M
O-O TOOTY TOOTY TOOTY TOOT
YOU GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL
"FLUFFILY DRESSED LASSIES" THE CALL.
FIRE ESCAPE
HUMAN CHAIN
ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS.
SCANDALOUS!
SHOCKING!!
THE HISTORIC KEY THAT DID NOT LOCK THE DOOR.
MOONLIGHT
DEC '12
WASN'T IT SHAMEFUL
PUZZLE. WHERE HAVE THEY ALL GONE?
THE PIANO GOT AN AN AWFUL BEATING.
THE BANQUET HALL WAS BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED